

PART 502

THE

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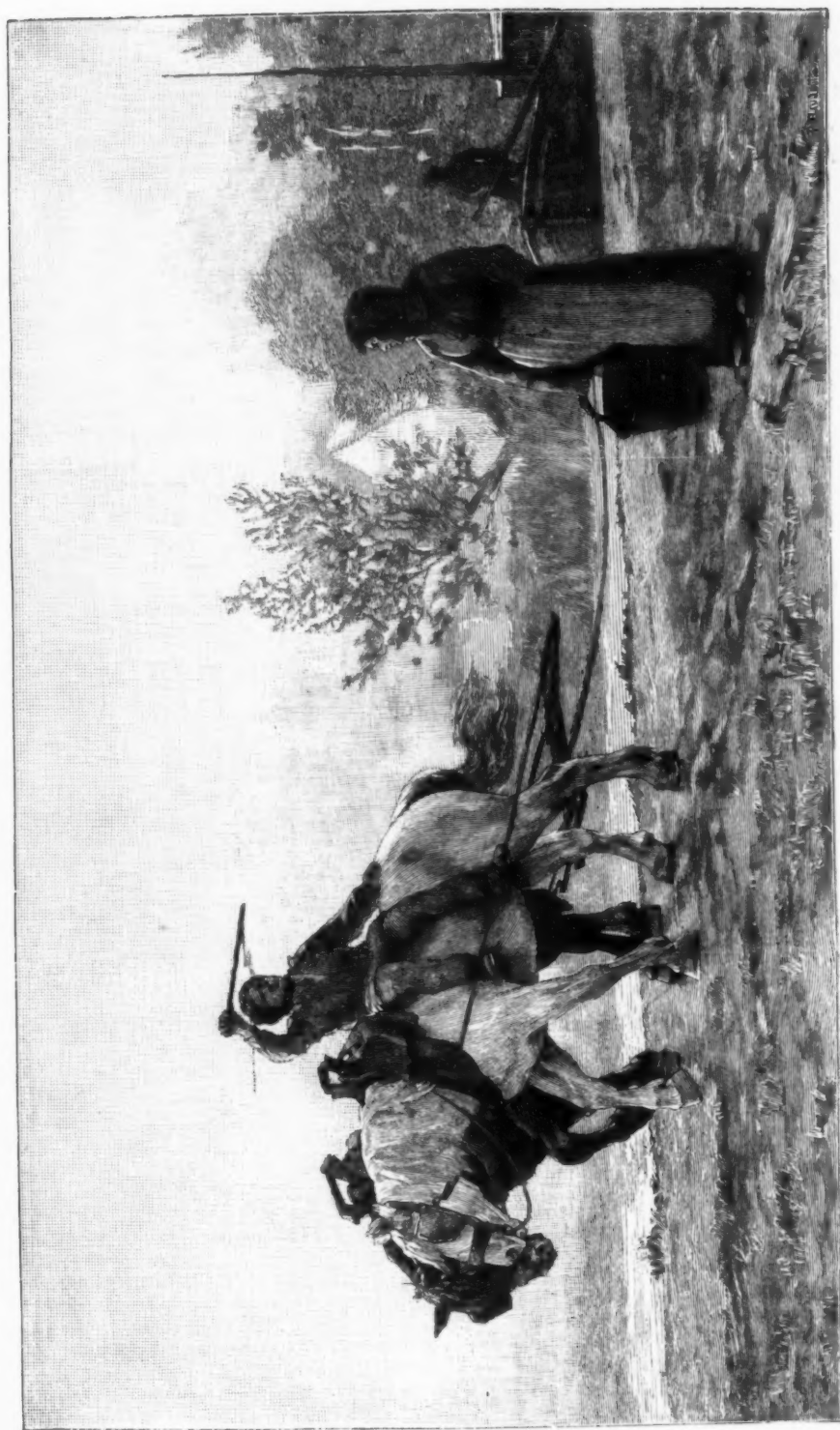
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Paul Baudouin, Paris, 1891.

OCTOBER MORNING.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS.

BY L. DOUGALL, AUTHOR OF "EGGARS ALL."



CAPTAIN REXFORD IS PUZZLED

CHAPTER LV.

IT had not been continued resentment against Bates that had made Eliza refuse Miss Rexford's request; it was the memory of the kiss with which he had bade her good-bye. For two days she had been haunted by this memory, yet disregarded it; but when that night came, disturbed by Sophia's words, she locked out the world, and took the thing to her heart to see of what stuff it was made.

Eliza lived her last interview with Bates over and over again, until she put out her light, and sat by her bedside alone in the darkness, and wondered at herself and at all things, for his farewell was like a lens through which she looked, and the proportion of her world was changed.

There is strange fascination in looking at familiar scenes in unfamiliar aspect. Even little children know this when, from some swinging branch, they turn their heads downwards, and see, not their own field, but fairyland.

Eliza glanced at her past while her sight was yet distorted, it might be, or quickened to clearer vision, by a new pulse of feeling; and, arrested, glanced again and again until she looked clearly, steadily, at the retrospect. The lonely farm in the hills was again present to her eyes, the old woman, the father now dead, and this man, Bates, stern and opinionated, who had so constantly tutored her. Her mind went back, dwelling on details of that home-life; how Bates had ruled, commanded, praised, and chidden, and she had been indifferent to his rule until an hour of fear had turned indifference into hate. It was very strange to look at it all now, to lay it side by side with a lover's kiss, and this same man her lover.

Perhaps it was a sense of new power that thrilled her so strangely. It needed no course of reasoning to tell her that she was mistress now, and he slave. His words had never conveyed it to her, but by this sign she knew it with the same sort of certainty we have that there is life in breath. She had sought power, but not this power. Of this dominion she had never dreamed, but she was not so paltry at heart but that it humbled her. She whispered to herself that she wished this had not been; and yet she knew that to herself she lied, for she would rather have obliterated all else in the universe than the moment in which Bates had said farewell. The universe held for her, as for every one, just so much of the high and holy as she had opened her heart to; and, poor girl, her heart had been shut so that this caress of the man whose life had been nearly wrecked by her deed was the highest, holiest thing that had yet found entrance there, and it brought with it into the darkness of her heart, unrecognised but none the less there, the Heaven which is beyond all selfless love, the God who is its source. Other men might have proffered lavish affection in vain, but in this man's kiss, coming out of his humiliation and resignation, there breathed the power that moves the world.

She did not consider now whether Bates's suffering had been of his own making or hers. She was not now engaged in an exercise of repentance; compunction, if she felt it, came to her in a nervous tremor, a sob, a tear, not in intelligible thought. Her memory gave her pictures, and the rest was feeling—dumb, even within. She crouched upon the floor and leaned her head against the bedside. Dry, trembling sobs came at intervals, passing over her as if some outside force had shaken and left her again; and sometimes, in the quiet of the interval, her lips smiled, but the darkness was around. Then, at length, came tranquillity. Her imagination, which had been strained to work at the bidding of memory, in weariness released itself from hard reality, and in a waking dream, touched, no doubt, into greater vividness by hovering hands of Sleep, she found temporary rest. Dreams partake of reality in that that which is and that which might be are combined in their semblance of life. Eliza saw the home she had so long hated, and lived its life once more, but with this difference, that she, her new present self, was there, and into the old life she brought perforce what knowledge of the world's refinements she had gained in her year of freedom. The knowledge seemed to her much more

important than it was, but such as it was, she saw it utilised in the log-house, and the old way of life thereby changed, but changed the more because she, she the child Sissy, reigned there now as a queen. It was this idea of reigning, of power, that surely now made this dream—wild, impossible as she still felt it to be—pleasant. But, as she pondered, arranging small details as a stimulated imagination is wont to do, she became gradually conscious that if love were to reign long, the queen of love would be not only queen but slave, and, as by the inevitable action of a true balance, the slave of love would be a ruler too. This new conception, as it at first emerged, was not disagreeable. Her imagination worked on, mapping out days and months to her fascinated heart. Then Sleep came nearer, and turned the self-ordered dream into that which the dreamer mistook for reality. In that far-off home she saw all the bareness and roughness of the lonely life which, do what she would, she could not greatly alter; and there again Bates kissed her; she felt his touch in all its reality, and in her dream she measured the barrenness of the place against the knowledge that her love was his life.

The soul that lay dreaming in this way was the soul of a heavy-limbed, ungracious woman. She lay now on the floor in ungainly attitude, and all the things that were about her in the darkness were of that commonest type in which ignorance with limited resource has essayed to imitate some false ideal of finery, and produced such articles as furniture daubed with painted flowers, jute carpets, and gowns beslouched and gaudy. Yet this soul, shut off from the world now by the curtain of sleep, was spoken to by an angel who blended his own being into recollections of the day, and treated with her concerning the life that is worthy and the life that is vain.

Eliza awoke with a start. She raised herself up stiff and chilly. She looked back upon her dream, at first with confusion and then with contempt. She lit her lamp, and the present was around her again.

"No, I will not go," she said to herself. The words had been conned in her fit of rudeness to Sophia Rexford that day, but now they had a wider meaning.

All sweet influences sent out from Heaven to plead with human hearts withdrew for the time, for—such an awful thing is life—we have power to repulse God.

CHAPTER LVI.

ROBERT TRENHOLME was still obliged to rest his sprained ankle, and was not yet going out, but an opportunity was afforded him of meeting his friendly neighbours, at least the feminine portion of them, in company, sooner than he anticipated.

The day before the college reassembled it happened that the sewing circle connected with the church met at Mrs. Rexford's house. The weather was unusually warm for the season; the workers still preferred to sit out of doors, and the grass under the tree at the front of the house was their place of meeting. About a dozen were there,

among whom Mrs. and Miss Bennett were conspicuous, when Mrs. Brown and her daughter drove up, a little belated, but full of an interesting project.

"Oh, Mrs. Rexford," they cried, "we have just thought of such a charming plan! Why not send our carriage on to the college, and beg Principal Trenholme to drive back here and sit an hour or two with us? It's so near that, now he is so much better, the motion cannot hurt him; this charming air and the change cannot fail to do him good, so confined as he has been, and we shall all work with the more zeal in his presence."

The plan was approved by all. If there were others there who, with Sophia Rexford, doubted whether greater zeal with the needle would be the result of this addition to their party, they made no objections. They could not but feel that it would be a good thing for the invalid's solitude to be thus broken in upon, for, for some reason or other, Trenholme had been in solitude lately; he had neither invited visitors nor embraced such opportunity as he had of driving out.

Trenholme answered this invitation in person. The motherly members of the party attended him at the carriage door when he drove up, and, with almost affectionate kindness, conducted his limping steps to a reclining chair that had been provided. His crutch, and a certain pensive pallor on his countenance, certainly added to his attractions. Even Sophia Rexford was almost humble in the attentions she offered him, and the other maidens were demonstrative. In spite of such protestations as he made, he was enthroned, as it were, in the most comfortable manner. Fur sleigh-ropes were spread on the grass for a carpet, and the best of them was used as a rug about his feet.

The majority of women are best pleased by the company of a man whom other men admire. Trenholme had never descended to being, even in leisure hours, a mere "ladies' man"; if he had been that he would not have had his present place in this company. Yet he was not bored by finding himself the only man among so many women; he knew most of these women, their faults and their worthiness, far too well not to be at ease with them, even if he had troubled to give a second thought to their largess of kindness. He had responded to their unexpected call to meet them together because he had something to say to them, and he said it that afternoon in his own time and in his own way. Had he needed to borrow dignity to sustain their jubilant welcome, his purpose would have lent it to him, and, for the rest, all his heart was overshadowed and filled with the consciousness of Sophia Rexford's presence. He had not seen her since the night in which they had walked through midnight hours together. He could not touch her hand without feeling his own tremble. He did not look at her again.

It was a pretty scene. The women, on their carpet of faded ox and buffalo skins, were grouped on chairs and cushions. The foliage of the maple tree above them was turning pink and crimson, shedding a glow as of red curtains, and some of its leaves were already scattered upon the ragged grass or on the shelving verandah roof of the wooden farmhouse. The words that fell in small talk from

the women were not unlike the colour of these fading leaves—useless, but lending softness to the hour.

"And *your* sewing-party will quite bear the palm for this season, Mrs. Rexford, quite the palm; for no other has been honoured by the presence of the Principal."

It was Mrs. Bennett who spoke, her upright carriage, thin nose, and clear even voice, carried always the suggestion of mild but obstinate self-importance.

The birdlike little hostess, confused by the misapplied praise, remonstrated. "'Tis Mrs. Brown," cried she, "who bears the palm."

Here the younger ladies, to whom nature had kindly given the saving sense of humour, laughed a little—not too obviously—in concert with the man thus lauded.

Then they all fell to talking upon the latest news that Chellaston could afford, which was, that a gentleman, a minister from the south of Maine, had arrived, and by various explanations had identified the old preacher who had been called Cameron as his father. It seemed that the old man had long ago partially lost his wits—senses and brain having been impaired through an accident—but his son had always succeeded in keeping him in a quiet neighbourhood where his condition was understood, until, in the beginning of the previous winter, the poor wanderer had escaped the vigilance of his friends. It was partly on account of the false name which had been given him that they had failed to trace him until the circumstances of his tragic death were advertised.

"The son is culpable. Mad people should be shut up where they can do no mischief." About half the ladies present joined in this comment.

Mrs. Rexford looked round uneasily to see that her young daughter Winifred had not joined the party. Indiscreet usually, she was wonderfully tender of Winifred in these days.

"I am not sure that if he had been my father I would have shut him up," Trenholme spoke and sighed.

"If he had been my father," Sophia cried vehemently, "I would have gone with him from village to village and door to door; I would rather have begged my bread than kept him from preaching. I would have told the people he was a *little* mad, but not much, and saner than any of *them*."

There was enough sympathy with Sophia's vivacity among her friends to make it easy to express herself naturally.

"What is one wrong opinion more or less?" she cried. "Do any of us imagine that *our* opinions are just those held in Heaven? This old man had all his treasure in Heaven, and that is, after all, the best security that heart or mind will not go far astray."

The youngest Miss Brown was sitting on the fur rugs, not very far from Trenholme. She looked up at him, pretty herself in the prettiness of genuine admiration.

"It is such a pity that Miss Rexford is sitting just out of your sight. You would be lenient to the heresy if you could see how becoming it is to the heretic."

But Trenholme was not seen to look round. He was found to be saying that the son of the late preacher evidently held his father in reverence; it seemed that the old man had in his youth been a disciple and preacher under Miller, the founder of the Adventists' sect; it was natural that, as his faculties failed, his mind should revert to the excitements of the former time.

Mrs. Bennett had already launched forth an answer to Sophia's enthusiasm. She continued, in spite of Trenholme's intervening remarks, "When I was a girl papa always warned us against talking on serious subjects. He thought we could not understand them."

"I think it was good advice," said Sophia, with hardihood.

"Oh yes, naturally—papa being a dean—"

Trenholme encouraged the conversation about the dean. It occurred to him to ask if there was a portrait extant of that worthy. "We are such repetitions of our ancestors," said he, "that I think it is a pity when family portraits are lacking."

Mrs. Bennett regretted that her father's modesty, the fortunes of the family, etc.; but she said there was a very good portrait of her uncle, the admiral, in his son's house in London.

"I do not feel that I represent my ancestors in the least," said Miss Bennett, "and I should be very sorry if I did."

She certainly did not look very like her mother, as she sat with affectionate nearness to Sophia Rexford, accomplishing more work in an hour with her toil-reddened hands than her mother was likely to do in two.

"Ah, ladies' feelings!" Trenholme rallied her openly. "But whatever you may *feel*, you assuredly do represent them, and owe to them all you are."

"Very true," said the mother, approvingly. "Papa had black hair, Principal Trenholme; and although my daughter's hair is brown, I often notice in it just that gloss and curl which were so beautiful in his."

"Yes, like and unlike are oddly blended. My father was a butcher by trade, and although my work in life has been widely different from his, I often notice in myself something of just those qualities which enabled him to succeed so markedly, and I know that they are my chief reliance. My brother, who has determined to follow my father's trade, is not so like him in many ways as I am."

If he had said that his father had had red hair, he would not have said it with less emphasis. No one present would have doubted his truthfulness on the one point, nor did they now doubt it on this other; but no one mastered the sense and force of what he had said until minutes, more or less in each case, had flown past, and in the meantime he had talked on, and his talk had drifted to other points in the subject of heredity. Sophia answered him; the discussion became general.

Blue and Red came offering cups of tea.

"Aren't they pretty?" said the youngest Miss Brown, again lifting her eyes to Trenholme for sympathy in her admiration.

"Sh—sh—," said the elder ladies, as if it were possible that Blue and Red could be kept in ignorance of their own charms.

A man nervously tired can feel acute disappointment at the smallest, silliest thing. Trenholme had expected that Sophia would pour out his tea; he thought it would have refreshed him then to the very soul, even if she had given it indifferently. The cup he took seemed like some bitter draught he was swallowing for politeness' sake. When it, and all the necessary talk concerning it were finished, together with other matters belonging to the hour, he got himself out of his big chair, and Mrs. Brown's horses, that had been switching their tails in the lane, drove him home.

The carriage gone, Mrs. Brown's curiosity was at hand directly. She and Mrs. Rexford were standing apart where with motherly kindness they had been bidding him good-bye.

"I suppose, Mrs. Rexford, you know—you have always known—this fact concerning Principal Trenholme's origin. I mean what he alluded to just now." Mrs. Brown spoke, not observing Mrs. Rexford, but the group in which her daughters were prominent figures.

Nothing ever impressed Mrs. Rexford's imagination vividly that did not concern her own family.

"I do not think it has been named to me," said she, "but no doubt my husband and Sophia—"

"You think they have known it?" It was of importance to Mrs. Brown to know whether Captain Rexford and Sophia had known or not; for if they knew and made no difference— "If Miss Rexford has not objected. She is surely a judge in such matters!"

"Sophia! Yes, to be sure, Sophia is very highly connected on her mother's side. I often say to my husband that I'm a mere nobody compared to his first wife. But Sophia is not proud. Sophia would be kind to the lowest, Mrs. Brown. (This praise was used with vaguest application.) "She has such a good heart! Really, what she has done for me and my children—"

A light broke in upon Mrs. Brown's mind. She heard nothing concerning Mrs. Rexford and her children. She knew now, or felt sure she knew, why Miss Rexford had always seemed a little stiff when Trenholme was praised. Her attitude towards him, it appeared, had always been that of mere "kindness." Now, up to this moment, Mrs. Brown, although not a designing woman, had entertained comfortable motherly hopes that Trenholme might ultimately espouse one of her daughters, and it had certainly advanced him somewhat in her favour that his early acquaintance with Miss Rexford was an undisputed fact; but in the light of what Mrs. Rexford had just said of her daughter's good-heartedness all assumed a different aspect. Mrs. Brown was in no way "highly connected," belonging merely to the prosperous middle-class, but, with the true colonial spirit that recognises only distance below, none above, she began to consider whether, in the future, her rôle should not be that of mere kindness also. To do her justice, she did not decide the question just then.

The voice of her youngest daughter was heard laughing rather immoderately. "Indeed, Mrs. Bennett," she laughed, "we all heard him say it, and, unlike you, we believed our ears. We'll draw

up a statement to that effect and sign our names, if that is necessary to assure you."

Her mother, approaching, detected, as no one else did, a strain of hysterical excitement in her laughter, and bid her rise to come home, but she did not heed the summons.

"Yes, he *did* say it. That handsome brother of his, to whom I lost my heart two weeks ago, does really—well, to put it plainly, knock animals on the head, you know, and sell them in chops, and—what do you call it, mamma?—the sirloin and brisket. 'How do you do, Mr. Trenholme? I want some meat for dinner—chops, I think.' Oh, how I should love to go and buy chops!"

Sophia was kneeling over a pile of work, folding it. She asked the boisterous girl for the cloth she had been sewing, and her voice was hard and impatient, as if she wished the talk at an end.

"Miss Rexford, being one of Principal Trenholme's oldest friends, is not taken by surprise." Some one said this; Sophia hardly knew who it was. She knelt upright by the packing basket and threw back her head.

"I met him often at my own uncle's house. My uncle knew him *thoroughly*, and liked him well."

Most of the women there were sensibly commenting on the amount of work done, and allotting shares for the ensuing week. It would take a week at least to rouse them to the state of interest at which others had already arrived.

Mrs. Bennett arose and wrapped her cape about her thin shoulders, not without some air of majesty. There was a bitter, angry expression upon her delicate face.

"All that I wish to say in this matter is, that *I* never knew this before; others may have been in possession of these facts, but *I* was not."

"If you had been, of course you would have honoured him the more for triumphing over difficulties," answered the elder Miss Brown, with smooth sarcasm.

"Yes, certainly *that*, of course; but I should have thought him very unsuitably placed as an instructor of youth and—"

The right adjustment of the cape seemed to interrupt the speech, but others mentally supplied the ending with reference to Miss Bennett.

The cape adjusted, Mrs. Bennett found something else to say. "Of course, personally, it makes no difference to me, for I have always felt there was *something* about Principal Trenholme—that is, that he was not— It is a little hard to express; one feels, rather than speaks, these things."

It was a lie, but what was remarkable about it was that its author did not know it for one. In the last half-hour she had convinced herself that she had always suffered in Trenholme's presence from his lack of refinement, and there was little hope that an imagination that could make such strides would not soon discover in him positive coarseness. As the party dispersed she was able to speak aside to Sophia.

"I see how you look upon it," she said. "There is no difference between one trade and another, or between a man who deals in cargoes of cattle and

one who sells meat in a shop." She was weakly excited; her voice trembled. "Looking down from a higher class, we must see that, although all trades are in a sense praiseworthy, one is as bad as another."

"They seem to me very much on a level," said Sophia. There was still a hard ring in her voice. She looked straight before her.

"Of course in this country"—Mrs. Bennett murmured something half-audible about the Browns—"one cannot afford to be too particular whom one meets, but I certainly should have thought that in our pulpits—in our schools—"

She did not finish. Her thin mouth was settling into curves that bespoke that relentless cruelty which in the minds of certain people is synonymous with justice.

It was a rickety, weather-stained chaise in which Mrs. Bennett and her daughter were to drive home. As Miss Bennett untied the horse herself, there was a bright red spot on either of her cheeks. She had made no remark on the subject on which her mother was talking, nor did she speak now. She was in love with Trenholme—that is, as much in love as a practical woman can be with a man from whom she has little hope of a return. She was not as pretty as many girls are, nor had she the advantages of dress and leisure by which to make herself attractive. She had hoped little, but in an honest, humble-minded, quiet way she had preferred this man to any other. Now! She was as different from her mother as nature could make her, but precepts with which her mind had been plied from infancy had formed her thought. She was incapable of self-deception, she knew that he had been her ideal man; but she was also incapable of seeing him in the same light now as heretofore.

Miss Bennett held the reins tight and gave her horse smart strokes of the whip. The spiritless animal took such driving passively, as it jogged down the quiet road by the enclosure of the New College.

Unconscious that her words were inconsistent with what she had so lately said, Mrs. Bennett complained again. "My nerves have received quite a shock; I am all in a tremble." It was true; she was even wiping away genuine tears. "Oh, my dear, it's a terribly low occupation. Oh, my dear, the things I have heard they do—the atrocities they commit!"

"I daresay what you heard was true," retorted Miss Bennett, "but it does not follow that they are all alike." Without perceiving clearly the extent of the fallacy, she felt called upon to oppose the generalisations of a superficial mind.

So they passed out of sight of Trenholme's house. Inside he sat at his desk, plunged again in the work of writing business letters. We seldom realise in what way we give out the force that is within us, or in what proportion it flows into this act or that. Trenholme was under the impression that what he had done that afternoon had been done without effort. The effort, as he realised it, had come days and weeks before. Yet, as he worked through the hours that were left of that day's light, he felt a weariness of body and mind that was almost equivalent to a desire for death.

CHAPTER LXII.

SOPHIA REXFORD stood and watched the last of the afternoon's company as, some driving and some on foot, they passed in different directions along the level road. It was a very peaceful scene. The neighbourhood lay sunning itself in the last warmth of the summer, and the neighbours, to all appearance, were moving homeward in utmost tranquillity. Sophia was not at peace; she was holding stern rule over her mind, saying, "Be at peace; who hath disturbed thee?" This rule lasted not many minutes; then suddenly mutiny. "Good Heavens!" she cried within herself, "how indiscreet I have been, making friends with these men. Shall I never learn wisdom—I who have sought to direct others?" The recollections that came caused her, in the sting of mortified pride, to strike her hand with painful force against a chair near her. The bruise recalled her to calm. The chair she had struck was that large one in which Robert Trenholme had reclined. It aided her to ponder upon the man who had so lately been seen on its cushions, and, in truth, her pondering bewildered her. Why had he not said as much to her years before; and why had he now said what he did, as he did? She thought she had known this man, had fathomed him as to faults and virtues, though at some times she rated their combination more reverently than at others. Truth to tell, she had known him well; her judgment, impelled by the suggestion of his possible love, had scanned him patiently. Yet now she owned herself at fault, unable to construe the manner of this action or assign a particular motive with which it was in harmony. It is by manner that the individual is revealed (for many men may do the same deed), and a friend who perforce must know a friend only by faith and the guessing of the unseen by the seen, fastens instinctively upon signs too slight to be written in the minutest history. At this moment, as Sophia stood among the vacant seats, the scene of the conversation which had just taken place, she felt that her insight into Robert Trenholme failed her. She recalled a certain peace and contentment that, in spite of fatigue, was written on his face. She set it by what he had said, and gained from it an unreasoning belief that he was a nobler man than she had lately supposed him to be; in the same breath her heart blamed him bitterly for not having told her this before, and for telling it now as if, forsooth, it was a matter of no importance. "How dare he?" Again herself within herself was rampant, talking wildly. "How dare he?" asked Anger. Then Scorn demanded peace again, for, "It is not of importance to me," said Scorn.

Blue and Red and Winifred and the little boys came out to carry in the chairs and rugs. A cool breeze came with the reddening of the sunlight, and stirred the maple tree into its evening whispering.

As Sophia worked with the children the turmoil of her thought went on. Something constantly stung her pride like the lash of a whip; she turned and shifted her mind to avoid it, and could not.

She had deliberately deceived her friends when

she had asserted that her uncle had known all Trenholme's affairs. She had not the slightest doubt now, looking back, that he had known—a thousand small things testified to it; but he had not made a confidante of her, his niece, and she knew that that would be the inference drawn from her assertion. She knew, too, that the reason her uncle, who had died soon after, had not told her was that he never dreamed that then or afterwards she would come into intimate relationship with his protégé. To give the impression that he, and she also, knowing Trenholme's origin, had overlooked it, was totally false. Yet she did not regret this falsehood. Who with a spark of chivalry would not have dealt as hard a blow as strength might permit in return for so mean an attack on the absent man? But none the less did her heart upbraid the man she had defended.

Sophia stood, as in a place where two seas met, between her indignation against the spirit Mrs. Bennett had displayed (and which she knew was lying latent ready to be fanned into flame in the hearts of only too many of Trenholme's so-called friends), and her indignation against Trenholme and his history. But it was neither the one current of emotion nor the other that caused that dagger-like pain that stabbed her pride to the quick. It was not Robert Trenholme's concerns that touched her self-love.

She had gained her own room to be alone. "Heaven help me," she cried (her ejaculation had perhaps no meaning except that she had need of expletive), "what a fool I have been!"

She rehearsed each meeting she had had with Alec Trenholme. How she had dallied with him in fields and on the road, seeing now clearly, as never before, how she had smiled upon him, how she had bewitched him. What mischance had led her on? She sprang up again from the seat into which she had sunk. "Mercy!" she cried in an agony of shame, "was ever woman so foolish as I? I have treated him as a friend, and he is——!"

Then, for some reason, she ceased to think of herself and thought of him. She considered: had he made no effort? had he felt no pain? She saw how he had waveringly tried to avoid her at first, and how, at last, he had tried to warn her. She thought upon the epithet he had applied to himself when trying to explain himself to her: she lifted her head again, and in a glow of generous thought she felt that this was a friend of whom no one need be ashamed.

The bell for the evening meal rang. There are hours in which we transcend ourselves, but a little thing brings us back to the level on which we live. As Sophia hastily brushed her dark hair, mortified pride stabbed her again, and scorn again came to the rescue. "What does it matter? It would have been better, truly, if I had had less to do with him; but what has passed is of no importance to anyone, least of all to me."

As she had begun at first to rule her heart, so did she rule it all that evening. But when she was again within her room alone she lingered, looking out of her small casement at the fields where she had met Alec Trenholme, at the road where she

walked with him. All was white and cold now in the moonlight : and soon she leaned her head against the pane and wept.

Those are often the bitterest tears for which we can furnish no definite cause ; when courage fails, we see earth only through our tears, and all form is out of proportion, all colour crude, all music discord, and every heart a well of evil, and we bewail, not our own woes only, but the woe of the world. So this proud woman wept, and prayed God wildly to save the world out of its evil into His good—and did not, could not, tell herself what was the exciting cause of her tears.

CHAPTER LVIII.

JUST as that day had turned rosy at the close and then white with the lesser light of night, so did the summer now fade away in a blaze of colour, giving one last display of what life could do before leaving the land to the shroud of the winter's snow. Cool bracing winds, of which there had already been foretaste, now swept the land. The sun seemed brighter because the air was clearer. The college boys had returned, and were heard daily shouting at their games. A few days made all this outward difference. No other difference had as yet come about.

Now that harvest was over and Captain Rexford was more at leisure, Sophia felt that she must no longer postpone the disagreeable duty of speaking to him seriously about his younger daughters. She chose an hour on Sunday when he and she were walking together to a distant point on the farm. She told the story of the flirtation of poor little Blue and Red slightly, for she felt that to slight it as much as possible was to put it in its true proportion.

"Yes," said Captain Rexford. He took off his hat and brushed back his hair nervously. He had many difficulties in his life. "Yes, and then there is Winifred."

"Girls here are not brought up always under the eye of older people, as is usually considered necessary in England ; but then they learn from their infancy to be more self-reliant. We have taken the safeguards of governess and schoolroom suddenly from children almost grown-up, and set them where no one has had time to look after them. They would need to have been miraculously wise if, with time on their hands, they had not spent some of it absurdly."

"Yes," he said again unhappily, "what must we do about it, my dear ? Your hands are already full." He always leaned on Sophia.

"I fear there is only one thing to do. We cannot give them absorbing society ; we cannot give them further education ; they must have the poor woman's protection—work—to take up their time and thoughts. We have saved them from hard work until now, and it has not been true kindness."

He did not answer. He believed what she said, but the truth was very disagreeable to him. When he spoke again he had left that subject.

"I am sorry for this affair about the Trenholmes. I like Trenholme, and, of course, he has shown

himself able to rise. The younger fellow is plain and bluff, like enough to what he is."

"His manners are perfectly simple, but I—I certainly never imagined——"

"Oh, certainly not ; otherwise, you would hardly have received him as you did. For us men, of course, in this country——" He gave a dignified wave of his hand.

"Are you sure of that, papa—that I would not have received him ?" It was exactly what she had been saying to herself for days ; but, now that another said it, the sentiment involved seemed weak.

"I am aware"—his tone was resigned—"that your opinions are always more radical than I can approve. The extreme always seems to have, shall I say, some attraction for you ; but still, my daughter, I believe you are not lacking in proper pride."

"I am too proud to think that for a good many days I have liked a man who was not fit for my liking. I prefer to believe that he is fit until I can have more conclusive proof to the contrary."

Captain Rexford walked some minutes in sterner silence. He had long ceased to regard Sophia as under his authority.

"Still, I hope, my dear, the next time you see this young man—rudeness, of course, being impossible to you, and unnecessary—still, I hope you will allow your manner to indicate that a certain distance must be preserved."

Her own sense of expediency had been urging this course upon her, but she had not been able to bring her mind to it.

"I should show myself his inferior if I could deliberately hurt him," she cried, with feeling. The trouble of a long debate she had been having with herself, her uncertainty what to feel or think, gave more emotion to her voice than she supposed.

"My dear daughter !" cried the father, with evident agitation.

Sophia instantly knew on what suspicion this sudden sympathy was bestowed. She was too indignant to deny the charge.

"Well, papa ?"

"He is, no doubt, a worthy man ; but"—he got no help from his daughter ; she was walking beside him with imperious mien—"in short, my dear, I hope—indeed, if I could think that, under false pretences, he could have won——"

"He is the last man to seek to win anything under a false pretence." The coldness of her manner but thinly veiled her vehemence ; but even in that vehemence she perceived that what proofs of her assertion she could bring would savour of too particular a recollection. She let it stand unproved.

"My dear child !" he cried, in affectionate distress, "I know that you will not forget that rank, birth——" He looked at her, and, seeing that she appeared intractable, exclaimed further, "It's no new thing that ladies should, in a fit of madness, demean themselves—young ladies frequently marry grooms ; but, believe me, my dear Sophia"—earnestly—"no happiness ever came of such a thing—only misery, and vice, and squalor."

But here she laughed. "Young women who

clope with grooms are not likely to have much basis of happiness in themselves. And you think me capable of fancying love for a man without education or refinement, a man with whom I could have nothing in common that would last beyond a day! What have I ever done, papa, that you should bring such an accusation?"

"I certainly beg your pardon, my daughter, if I have maligned you."

"You *have* maligned me; there is no 'if' about it."

"My dear, I certainly apologise. I thought, from the way in which you spoke——"

"You thought I was expressing too warm a regard for Mr. Alec Trenholme; but that has nothing whatever to do with what you have just been talking about; for, if he were a groom, if he chose to sweep the streets, he would be as far removed from the kind of man you have just had in your mind as you and I are; and, if he was not, I could take no interest in him."

The gloom on Captain Rexford's brow, which had been dispelled by her laughter, gathered again.

"Separate the character of the man from his occupation," she cried. "Grant that he is what we would all like in a friend. Separate him, too, from any idea that I would marry him, for I was not thinking of such a thing. Is there not enough left to distress me? Do you think I underrate the evil of the occupation, even though I believe it has not tainted him? Having owned him as a friend, isn't it difficult to know what degree of friendship I can continue to own for him?"

"My dear, I think you hardly realise how unwise it is to think of friendship between yourself and any such man; recognition of worth there may be, but nothing more."

"Oh, papa!"—impatiently—"think of it as you will, but listen to what I have to say; for I am in trouble. You were sorry for me just now when you imagined I was in love; try and understand what I say now, for I am in distress. I cannot see through this question—what is the right and what is the wrong."

"I do not think I understand you, my dear," he said.

She had stopped, and leaned back on the roadside fence. He stood before her. All around them the yellow golden-rod and mullein were waving in the wind, and lithe young trees bent with their coloured leaves. Captain Rexford looked at his daughter, and wondered, in his slow way, that she was not content to be as fair and stately as the flowers without perplexing herself thus.

"Papa, pray listen. You know that night when I went to seek Winifred—you do not know, because I have not told you—but just before the old man died. When he stood there, looking up and praying that our Saviour would come again, there was not one of us who was not carried away with the thought of that coming—the thought that when it comes all time will be *present*, not *past*; and, papa, the clouds parted just a little, and we saw through, beyond all the damp, dark gloom of the place we were in, into a place of such perfect clearness and beauty beyond—I can't explain it, but it seemed like an emblem of the difference that would be

between our muddy ways of thinking of things and the way that we should think if we lived always for the sake of the time when He will come—and it is very easy to talk of that difference in a large general way, and it does no good—but to bring each particular thing to that test is practical. Here, for instance, you and I ought to reconsider our beliefs and prejudices as they regard this man we are talking about, and find out what part of them, in God's sight, is pure and strong and to be maintained, and what part is unworthy and to be cast away. Is it easy, even in such a small matter as this?"

Captain Rexford took off his hat in tribute to his theme, and stood bare-headed. He looked what he was—a military man of the past generation who with difficulty had adapted himself to the dress and habits of a farmer. He was now honestly doing his utmost to bring himself to something still more foreign to his former experience.

"To put it in a practical way, papa: if our Lord were coming to-morrow, how would you advise me to meet Alec Trenholme to-day?"

"Of course," began Captain Rexford, "in the sight of the Almighty all men are equal."

"No, no," she cried, "by all that is true, men are not equal, nor are occupations equal. Everything has its advantages and disadvantages. It is not as well to be stupid as to be wise, to be untaught as to be taught, to be ugly as to be beautiful; it is not as good to kill cattle as to till the soil, and it is not as good to be a farmer as to be a poet. It is just because moralists go too far, and say what is not true, that they fail. External things are of more importance to their Creator than most of us are aware."

Captain Rexford brushed his hat with his sleeve. The thing that he was most anxious to do at that moment was to satisfy his daughter.

"But if you feel this difference so keenly, Sophia, what then perplexes you?"

"I want to know how to deal with these differences, for the way we have been accustomed to deal with them is false. This case, where one brother is at the top of our little society and the other at the bottom, shows it. Not all false—there comes the difficulty" (her face was full of distress), "but largely false. If we have any spiritual life in us it is because we have heard the call that Lazarus heard in the tomb, but the opinions we will not let God transform are the grave-clothes that are binding us hand and foot."

"My dear, I certainly think it right that we should live as much as possible as we should wish to have lived when we come to die, but I do not know that for that it is necessary to make a radical change in our views."

"Look you, dear father, if we were willing to step out of our own thoughts about everything as out of a hindering garment, and go forth in the thoughts in which God is willing to clothe us, we should see a new heaven and a new earth; but—but——" she sought her word.

"There may be truth in what you say" (his words showed how far he had been able to follow her), "but your views would lead to very revolutionary practices."

"Revolution! Ah, that takes place when men take some new idea of their own, like the bit, between their teeth, and run. But I said to live in His ideas—His, without Whom nothing was made that was made; Who caused order to evolve slowly out of chaos" (she looked around at the manifold life of tree and flower and bird as she spoke); "Who will not break the reed of our customs as long as there is any true substance left in them to make music with."

"It sounds very beautiful, my dear, but is it practicable?"

"As practicable as is any holy life!" she cried. "We believe; if we do not live by a miracle, we have no sort or manner of right to preach to those who do not believe."

Captain Rexford would have died for his belief in miracles, but he only believed in them at the distance of some eighteen hundred years or more.

"How would you apply this?" he asked, mildly indulgent.

"To the question of each hour as it comes. What, for instance, is the right way to act to Alec Trenholme?"

When she came to his name, for some reason she left her standing-place, and they were now walking on side by side.

"Well, Sophia, you bring an instance, and you say, 'put it practically.' I will do so. This village is badly in need of such a tradesman. Even the hotel, and other houses that can afford it, grumble at having to obtain their supplies by rail—and we are badly enough served, as you know. I have no idea that this young man has any notion of settling here, but *suppose he did*" (Captain Rexford said his last words as if they capped a climax), "you will see at a glance that in that case any recognition of equality such as you seem to be proposing would be impossible. It would be mere confusion."

"And why should he not settle here? Are we, a Christian community, unable to devise a way of treating him and his brother that would neither hurt their feelings nor our welfare, that would be equally consonant with our duty to God and our own dignity? Or must he go, because our dignity is such a fragile thing that it would need to be supported by actions that we could not offer to God?"

"You know, my dear, if you will excuse my saying so, I think you are pushing this point a little too far. If it were possible to live up to such a high ideal——"

"I would rather die to-night than think that it was impossible."

"My dear" (he was manifestly annoyed now), "you really express yourself too strongly."

"But what use would it be to live?" She was going on, but she stopped. What use was it to talk? None.

She let the subject pass, and they conversed on other things.

She felt strange loneliness. "Am I, in truth, fantastical?" she sighed, "or, if Heaven is witness to the sober truth of that which I conceive, am I so weak as to need other sympathy?" This was the tenor, not the words, of her thought. Yet all the way home, as they talked and walked through

the glowing autumn land, her heart was aching with loneliness.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE day came on which Bates was to go home. He had had a week's petulant struggle with his malady since he last passed through the door of Trenholme's house, but now he had conquered it for the hour, and even his host perceived that it was necessary for him to make his journey before the weather grew colder.

His small belongings packed, his morose good-byes said, Alec Trenholme drove him to the railway station.

Both the brothers knew why it was that, in taking leave of them, Bates hardly seemed to notice that he did so; they knew that, in leaving the place, he was all-engrossed in the thought that he was leaving the girl Eliza Cameron for ever; but he seemed to have no thought of saying to her a second farewell.

The stern reserve which Bates had maintained on this subject had so wrought on Alec's sympathy that he had consulted his brother as to the advisability of himself making some personal appeal to Eliza, and the day before Bates started he had actually gone on this mission. If it was not successful, he hardly deserved that it should be; for, when he stood in front of the girl, he could not conceal the great dislike he felt for her, nor could he bring himself to plead on behalf of a man who he felt was worth a thousand such as she. He said briefly that Bates was to start for home the next day, and by such a train, and that he had thought it might concern her to know it.

"Did he tell you to tell me?" asked Eliza, without expression.

"No, he didn't; and, what's more, he never told me how you came here. You think he's been telling tales about you! You can know now that he never did; he's not that sort. I saw you at Turrif's, and when I saw you again here I knew you. All I've got to say about that is, that I, for one, don't like that kind of conduct. You've half killed Bates, and this winter will finish him off."

"That's not my fault," said Eliza.

"Oh? Well, that's for you to settle with yourself. I thought I'd come and tell you what I thought about it, and that he was going. That's all I've got to say."

"But I've something more to say, and you'll stay and hear it." She folded her arms upon her breast, and looked at him, a contemptuous, indignant Amazon. "You think Mr. Bates would thank you if you got me to go away with him because I was afraid he'd die. You think"—growing sarcastic—"that Mr. Bates wants me to go with him because *I'm sorry for him*. I tell you, if I did what you're asking, Mr. Bates would be the first to tell you to mind your own business, and to send me about mine."

She relapsed into cold silence for a minute, and then added, "If you think Mr. Bates can't do his own love-making, you're vastly mistaken."

It did not help to soothe Alec that, when he went home, his brother laughed at his recital.

"She is a coarse-minded person," he said. "I shall never speak to her again."

This had happened the day before he drove Bates to the station.

It was a midday train. The railway platform was comparatively empty, for the season of summer visitors was past. The sun glared with unsoftened light on the painted station building, on the bare boards of the platform, upon the varnished exterior of the passenger cars, and in, through their windows, upon the long rows of red velvet seats. Alec disposed Bates and his bundles on a seat near the stove at the end of one of the almost empty cars. Then he stood, without much idea what to say in the few minutes before the train started.

"Well," said he, "you'll be at Quebec before dark."

As they both knew this, Bates did not consider it worth an answer. His only desire was that the train should be gone, so that he might be left alone. He was a good deal oppressed by the idea of his indebtedness to Alec, but he had already said all on that head that was in him to say; it had not been much.

An urchin came by, bawling oranges. They looked small and sour, but, for sheer lack of anything better to do, Alec went out of the car to buy a couple. He was just stepping in again to present them when, to his surprise, he became aware that one of the various people on the platform was Eliza Cameron. When he caught sight of her she was coming running from the other end of the train, her face red with exertion, and her dress disordered. She looked in at the windows, saw Bates, and entered where Alec had intended to enter, he drawing aside, and she not even seeing him.

The impetus of his intention carried Alec on to the outer porch of the car, but his consideration for Bates caused him then to turn his back to the door, and gaze down the long level track, waiting until Eliza should come out again.

The prospect that met his gaze was one in which two parallel straight lines met visibly in the region of somewhere. He remembered learning that such two lines do, in truth, always meet in infinity. He wondered drearily if this were a parable. As he saw his life, all that he desired and all that was right seemed to lie in two tracks, side by side, but for ever apart.

The advent of Eliza had sunk into less significance in his mind by the time he heard the engine's warning bell. He turned and looked into the car. There sat the man whom he had left, but not the same man; a new existence seemed to have started into life in his slight sinewy frame, and to be looking out through the weather-beaten visage. This man, fond and happy, was actually addressing a glance of arch amusement at the girl who, flushed and disconcerted, sought to busy herself by rearranging his possessions. So quickly did it seem that Bates had travelled from one extreme of life to another that Alec felt no doubt as to the kindly triumph in the eye. Explanation he had none. He stepped off the jolting car.

"Is she coming out?" he asked the conductor.

"No, she ain't," said a Chellaston man who stood near at hand. "She's got her trunk in the baggage car, and she's got her ticket for Quebec, she has. She's left the hotel, and left old Hutchins in the lurch—that's what she's done."

The train was moving quicker. The conductor had jumped aboard. Alec was just aware that all who were left on the platform were gossiping about Eliza's departure, when he was suddenly spurred into violent movement by the recollection that he had absently retained in his possession Bates's ticket and the change of the note given him to buy it with. To run and swing himself on to the last car was a piece of vigorous action, but once again upon the small rear porch, and bound perforce for the next station, he gave only one uncomfortable glance through the glass door, and turned once more to the prospect of the long level track. Who could mention a railway ticket and small change to a man so recently beatified?

The awkwardness of his position, a shyness that came over him at the thought that they must soon see him and wonder why he was there, suggested the wonder why he had desired that Bates should be happy; now that he saw him opulent in happiness, as it appeared, above all other men, he felt only irritation—first, at the sort of happiness that could be derived from such a woman, and secondly, at the contrast between this man's fulness and his own lack. What had Bates done that he was to have all that he wanted?

It is an easier and less angelic thing to feel sympathy with sorrow than with joy.

In a minute or two it was evident they had seen him, for he heard the door slide, and Bates came out on the little platform. He had gone into the car feebly; he came out with so easy a step and holding himself so erect, with even a consequential pose, that a gleam of derision shot through the younger man's mind, even though he knew, with the quick knowledge of envy, that it was for the sake of the woman behind the door that the other was now making the most of himself.

Alec gave what he had to give; it was not his place to make comment.

Bates counted the change with a care that perhaps was feigned. If he stood very straight, his hard hand trembled.

"I'm sorry ye were forced to come on with the cars; it's another added to all the good deeds you've done by me." He had found a tongue now in which he could be gracious.

"Oh, I shall soon get back," said Alec.

"I suppose ye've seen"—with attempted coolness—"that my young friend here, Eliza Cameron, is going back with me."

"So I see." If his life had depended upon it, Alec could not have refrained from a smile which he felt might be offensive, but it passed unseen.

"When she saw ye out here, she asked me just to step out, for perhaps ye'd be so kind as to take a message to a young lady she has a great caring for—a Miss Rexford, as I understand."

"All right." Alec looked at the rails flying behind them, and stroked his yellow moustache, and sighed in spite of himself.

"I'd like ye to tell Miss Rexford from me that

we intend to be married to-morrow—in the city of Quebec ; but Sissy, she would like ye to say that she'd have gone to say good-bye if she'd known her own mind sooner, and that she preferred to come" (he rolled the r in this "preferred" with emphasis not too obvious) "—ye understand?"—this last a little sharply, as if afraid that the word might be challenged.

Still looking upon the flying track, Alec nodded to show that he challenged nothing.

"And she wishes it to be said," continued the stiff, formal Scot (there was a consequential air about him now that was almost insufferable), "that for all I've the intention in my mind to spend my life in the old place, she thinks she'll very likely break me of it, and bring me to live in more frequented parts in a year or two, when she'll hope to come and see her friends again. 'Tis what she says, Mr. Trenholme" (and Alec knew, from his tone, that Bates, even in speaking to him, had smiled again that gloriously happy smile), "and of course I humour her by giving her words. As to how that will be, I can't say ; but"—with condescension—"ye'd be surprised, Mr. Trenholme, at the hold a woman can get on a man."

"Really—yes, I suppose so," Alec muttered inanely ; but within he laid control on himself, lest he should kick this man. Surely it would only make the scales of fortune balance if Bates should have a few of his limbs broken to pay for his luxury !

Alec turned, throwing a trifle of patronage into his farewell. Nature had turned him out such a good-looking fellow that he might have spared the other, but he was not conscious of his good looks just then.

"Well, Bates, upon my word I wish you joy. It's certainly a relief to *me* to think you will have some one to look after that cough of yours, and see after you a bit when you have the asthma. I didn't think you'd get through this winter alone, 'pon my word, I didn't ; but I hope that—Mrs. Bates will take good care of you."

It was only less brutal to hurl the man's weakness at him than it would have been to hurl him off the train. Yet Alec did it, then jumped from the train when it lessened speed.

He found himself left at a junction which had no interest for him, and as there was a goods train going further on to that village where he had stopped with Bates on their first arrival in these parts, he followed a whim and went thither, in order to walk home on the road on which he had first heard Sophia's voice in the darkness.

Ah, that voice—how clear and sweet and ringing it was ! It was not words, but tones, of which he was now cherishing remembrance. And he thought of the face he now knew so well, hugged the thought of her to his heart, and knew that he ought not to think of her.

Everywhere the trees hung out red and yellow, as flags upon a gala day. He saw the maples on the mountain rise tier above tier, in feathery scarlet and gold. About his feet the flowering weeds were blowing in one last desperate effort of riotous bloom. The indigo birds, like flakes from the sky above, were flitting, calling, everywhere, as they tarried on

their southward journey. Alec walked by the rushing river, almost dazzled by its glitter, and felt himself to be, not only an unhappy, but an ill-disposed man.

"And yet—and yet—" he thought, "if Heaven might grant her to me—" : and the heaven above him seemed like brass, and the wish like a prayer gone mad.

CHAPTER LX.

SOPHIA had lived on through a few more quiet days ; and now she knew that the problem to which she had set herself was not that one pleasantly remote from her inmost self, as to where her duty lay in helping on an ideal social state, but another question, that beside the first seemed wholly common and vulgar, one that, in its forcible reality, tore from her all glammers of romantic conception, so that she sat, as it were, in a chamber denuded of all softness and beauty, face to face with her own pride. And so lusty was this pride she had deemed half-dead that beside it all her former enthusiasm seemed to fade into ghostly nothings.

At first she only determined, by all the chivalrous blood that ran in her veins, to continue her kindness to the Trenholmes. She foresaw a gust of unpopularity against them, and she saw herself defending their interests and defying criticism. In this bright prospect the brothers were humbly grateful, and she herself not a little picturesque in generous patronage. It was a delightful vision—for an hour ; but because she was nearer thirty than twenty it passed quickly. She touched it with her knowledge of the world and it vanished. No ; social life could not be changed in a day ; it would not be well that it should. Much of the criticism that would come in this case would be just ; and the harsher blows that would be dealt could not be stayed nor the unkindness defied ; even in the smaller affairs of life, he who would stand by the wronged must be willing to suffer wrong. Was she ready for that ? The longer she meditated, the more surely she knew that Alec Trenholme loved her. And when she had meditated a little longer—in spite of the indignation she had felt at the bare suggestion—she knew that she loved him.

The fine theories of universal conduct in which she had been indulging narrowed themselves down to her own life and to sternest, commonest reality. Christianity is never a quality that can be abstracted from the individual and looked upon as having duties of its own.

She fought against the knowledge that she liked him so well ; the thought of being his wife was the thought of a sacrifice that appalled her. A convent cell would not have appeared to her half so far removed from all that belongs to the pride of life ; and lives there any one who has so wholly turned from that hydra-headed delight as not to shrink, as from some touch of death, from fresh relinquishments ? Her pulses stirred to those strains of life's music that call to emulation and the manifold pomps of honour ; and, whatever might be the reality, in her judgment the wife of Alec Trenholme must renounce all that element of interest in the world

for ever. Our sense of distinction poises its wings on the opinion of men ; and, as far as she had learnt this opinion, a saint or a nun (she knew it now, although before she had not thought it) had honourable part in life's pageantry, but not the wife of such as he. The prospect in her eyes was barren of the hope that she might ever again have the power to say to any one, "I am better than thou."

It did not help her that at her initiation into the Christian life she had formally made just this renunciation, or that she had thought that before-now she had ratified the vow. The meaninglessness of such formulas when spoken is only revealed when deepening life reveals their depths of meaning. She asked, in dismay, if duty was calling her to this sacrifice by the voice of love in her heart. For that Love who carries the crown of earthly happiness in his hand was standing on the threshold of her heart like a beggar, and so terrible did his demand seem to her that she felt it would be easy to turn him away.

"I," she said to herself, "I, who have preached to others, who have discoursed on the vanity of ambition—this has come to teach me what stuff my glib enthusiasm is made of. I would rather perjure myself, rather die, rather choose any life of penance and labour, than yield to my own happiness and his, and give up my pride."

She arrayed before her all possible arguments for maintaining the existing social order ; but conscience answered, "You are not asked to disturb it very much." Conscience used an uncomfortable phrase—"You are only asked to make yourself of no reputation." She cowered before Conscience. "You are not even asked to make yourself unhappy," continued Conscience ; and so the inward monitor talked on till, all wearied out, her will held out a flag of truce.

Most women would have thought of a compromise, would have said, "Yes, I will stoop to the man, but I will raise him to some more desirable estate ;" but such a woman was not Sophia Rexford. She scorned love that would make conditions, as much as she scorned a religion that could set its own limits to service. For her there was but one question—Did Heaven demand that she should acknowledge this love ? If so, then the all-ruling Will of Heaven must be the only will that should set bounds to its demand.

In the distress of her mind, however, she did catch at one idea that was, in kind, a compromise. She thought with relief that she could take no initiative. If Alec Trenholme asked her to be his wife—then she knew, at last she knew, that she would not dare to deny the voice at her heart—in the light of righteousness and judgment to come, she would not dare to deny it. But—ah, surely he would not ask ! She caught at this belief as an exhausted swimmer might catch at a floating spar, and rested herself upon it. She would deal honourably with her conscience ; she would not abate her kindness ; she would give him all fair opportunity ; and if he asked, she would give up all—but she clung to her spar of hope.

She did not realise the extent of her weakness, nor even suspect the greatness of her strength.

CHAPTER LXI.

ROBERT TRENHOLME had not told his brother that he had made his confession when he took tea with all the women. He knew that in such cases difference and separation are often first fancied and then created, by the self-conscious pride of the person who expects to be slighted. He refrained from making this possible on Alec's part, and set himself to watch the difference that would be made ; and the interest of all side-issues was summed up for him in solicitude to know what Miss Rexford would do, for on that he felt his own hopes of her pardon to depend.

When he found, the day after Bates's departure, that Alec must seek Miss Rexford to give Eliza's message, he put aside work to go with him to call upon her. He would hold to his brother ; it remained to be seen how she would receive them together.

That same afternoon Sophia went forth with Winifred and the little boys to gather autumn leaves. When the two brothers came out of the college gate they saw her, not twenty yards away, at the head of her little troop. Down the broad road the cool wind was rushing, and they saw her walking against it, outwardly sedate, with roses on her cheeks, her eyes lit with the sunshine. The three stopped, and greeted each other after the manner of civilised people.

Trenholme knew that the change that any member of the Rexford family could put into his demeanour could not be rudely perceptible. He set no store by her greeting, but he put his hand upon his brother's shoulder and he said :

"This fellow has news that will surprise you, and a message to give. Perhaps, if it is not asking too much, we may walk as far as may be necessary to tell it ; or," and he looked at her questioningly, "would you like him to go and help you to bring down the high boughs?—they have the brightest leaves."

"Will you come and help us gather red leaves ?" said Sophia to Alec.

She did not see the gratitude in the elder brother's eyes, because it did not interest her to look for it.

"And you ?" she said to him.

"Ah, I" (he held up the cane with which he still eased the weight on one foot), "I cannot walk so far, but perhaps I will come and meet you on your return," and he pleased himself with the idea that she cared that he should come.

He went into his house again. His heart, which had lately been learning the habit of peace, just now learned a new lesson of what joy might be. His future before him looked troublous, but the worst of his fears was allayed. He had loved Sophia long ; to-day his love seemed multiplied a thousandfold. Hope crept to his heart like a darling child that had been in disgrace and now was forgiven.

The others went on down the road.

Alec told his news as drily as facts could be told. If he touched his story at all with feeling, it was something akin to a sneer.

"She'll get him on to the track of prosperity

now she's taken hold, Miss Rexford," said he. "Mr. and Mrs. Bates will be having a piano before long, and they will drive in a 'buggy.' That's the romance of settlers' life in Canada."

When they had left that subject Sophia said, "Now he is gone, are you going away?"

"Yes ; in a day or two. I've fixed nothing yet, because Robert seems to have some unaccountable objection to getting rid of me just at present ; but I shall go."

"It is very fine weather," she said.

"There is too much glare," said he.

"You are surely hard to please."

been a fitter home for her heart just then. She saw that she was to be called to no sacrifice, but she experienced no buoyant relief. He was going away ; and she was to be left. She had not known herself when she thought she wanted him to go—she was miserable. Well, she deserved her misery, for would she not be more miserable if she married him? Had she not cried and complained? And now the door of this renunciation was not opened to her—he was going away, and she was to be left.

Very dull and prosaic was the talk of these two as they walked up the road to that pine grove where the river curved in, and they turned back through



"MOST FASCINATING AND ENTRANCING OF BUTCHERS!" QUOTH SHE.

"What I call fine weather is something a man has something in common with. If one were a little chap again, just leaving school for a holiday, this would be a glorious day, but—what *man* has spirits equal to" (he looked above) "this sort of thing?"

His words came home to Sophia with overwhelming force, for, as they went on, touching many subjects one after another, she knew with absolute certainty that her companion had not the slightest intention of being her suitor. If the sunny land through which she was walking had been a waste place, in which storm winds sighed, over which storm clouds muttered, it would have

that strip of wilderness between road and river where it was easy to be seen that the brightest leaf posies were to be had.

Nearest the pines was a group of young, stalwart maple trees, each of a different dye—gold, bronze, or red. It was here that they lingered, and Alec gathered boughs for the children till their hands were full. The noise of the golden-winged woodpecker was in the air, and the call of the indigo bird.

Sophia wandered under the branches ; her mind was moving always. She was unhappy. Yes, she deserved that ; but *he*—he was unhappy too ; did he deserve it? Then she asked herself suddenly if

she had no further duty toward him than to come or go at his call. Did she dare, by all that was true, to wreck his life and her own because she would not stoop to compel the call that she had feared.

Humility does not demand that we should think ill of ourselves, but that we should not think of ourselves at all. When Sophia lost sight of herself she saw the gate of Paradise. After that she was at one again with the sunshine and the breeze and the birds, with the rapture of the day and the land, and she ceased to think why she acted, or whether it was right or wrong. The best and worst hours of life are in themselves irresponsible, the will hurled headlong forward by an impulse that has gathered force before.

And what did she do? The first thing that entered her mind—it mattered not what to her. The man was in her power, and she knew it.

When the children's arms were full and they had gone on homeward down a pathway among lower sumac thickets, Alec turned and saw Sophia, just as stately, just as quiet, as he had ever seen her. So they two began to follow.

Her hand had been cut the day before, and the handkerchief that bound it had come off. Demurely she gave it to him to be fastened. Now the hand had been badly cut, and when he saw that he could not repress the tenderness of his sympathy.

"How could you have done it?" he asked, filled with pain, awed, wondering.

She laughed, though she did not mean to; she was so light-hearted, and it was very funny to see how quickly he softened at her will.

"Do not ask me to tell you how low we Rexfords have descended!" she cried, "and yet I will confess I did it with the meat axe. I ought not to touch such a thing, you think! Nay, what can I do when the loin is not jointed and the servant has not so steady a hand as I? Would you have me let papa grumble all dinner-time—the way that you men do, you know?"

The little horror that she had painted for him so vividly did its work. With almost a groan he touched the hand with kisses, not knowing what he did; and looking up, frightened of her as far as he could be conscious of fear, he saw, not anger, but a face that fain would hide itself, and he hid it in his embrace.

"Oh," cried he, "what have I done?"

Stepping backward, he stood a few paces from her, his arms crossed, the glow on his face suddenly transcended by the look with which a man might regard a crime he had committed.

"What is it?" she cried, wickedly curious. The maple tree over her was a golden flame, and her feet were on a carpet of gold. All around them the earth was heaped with palm-like sumac shrubs, scarlet, crimson, purple—dyed, as it were, with blood.

"What have I done?" He held out his hands as if they had been stained. "I have loved you. I have dared, without a thought, *without a thought for you*, to walk straight into all the—the—heaven of it."

Then he told her, in a word, that about himself which he thought she would despise; and she saw that he thought she heard it for the first time.

Lifting her eyebrows in pretty incredulity. "Not really?" she said.

"It is true," he cried, with fierce emphasis.

At that she looked grave.

He had been trying to make her serious; but no sooner did he see her look of light and joy pass into a look of thought than he was filled with that sort of acute misery which differs from other sorrows as acute pain differs from duller aches.

"My darling," he said, his heart was wrung with the words—"my darling, if I have hurt you, I have almost killed myself." Man that he was, he believed that his life must ebb in this pain.

"Why?" she asked. "How?"

He went a step nearer her, but as it came to him every moment more clearly that he had deceived her, as he realised what he had gained and what he now thought to forego, his voice forsook him in his effort to speak. Words that he tried to say died on his lips.

But she saw that he had tried to say that because of it she should not marry him.

He tried again to speak, and made better work of it. "This that has come to us—this love that has taken us both—you will say it is not enough to—to—"

She lifted up her face to him. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes were full of light. "This that has come to us, Alec—" (at his name he came nearer yet)—"this that has taken us both" (she faltered) "is enough."

He came near to her again; he took her hands into his; and all that he felt, and all that she felt, passed from his eyes to hers, from hers to his.

He said, "It seems like talking in church, but common things must be said and answered, and—Sophie—what will your father say?"

"I don't know," she said. But happiness made her playful; she stroked the sleeve of his coat, as if to touch it were of more interest to her. "I will give him my fortune to make up, and come to you penniless."

"He won't consent," he urged.

There was still a honeyed carelessness in her voice and look. "At the great age to which I have attained," said she, "fathers don't interfere."

"What can I do or say," he said, "to make you consider?" for it seemed to him that her thoughts and voice came from her spellbound in some strange delight, as the murmur comes from a running stream, without meaning, except the meaning of all beautiful and happy things in God's world.

"What must I consider?"

"The shop—the trade."

"When you were a very young butcher, and first took to it, did you like it?"

"I wasn't squeamish," he said; and then he told her about his father. After that he philosophised a little, telling something of the best that he conceived might be if men sought the highest ideal in lowly walks of life, instead of seeking to perform imperfectly some nobler business. It was wonderful how much better he could speak to her than to his brother, but Sophia listened with such perfect assent that his sense of honour again smote him.

"Art thinking of it all, love?" he said.

"I was wondering what colour of aprons you wore, and if I must make them."

They began to walk home, passing now under the sumac's palm-like canopy, and they saw the

blue gleam of the singing river through red thickets. Soon they came to a bit of open ground, all overgrown with bronzed bracken, and maidenhair sere and pink, and blue-eyed asters and golden-rod. So high and thick were the breeze-blown weeds that the only place to set the feet was a narrow path. Here Sophia walked first, for they could not walk abreast, and as Alec watched her threading her way with light elastic step, he became afraid once more, and tried to break through her happy tranquillity.

"Dear love," he said, "I hope——"

"What now?" said she, for his tone was unrestful.

He trampled down flowers and ferns as he awkwardly tried to gain her side.

"You know, dear, I have a sort of feeling that I've perhaps just fascinated and entranced you—so that you are under a spell and don't consider, you know."

It was exactly what he meant, and he said it; but how she laughed! Her happy laughter rang; the river laughed in answer, and the woodpecker clapped applause.

But Alec blushed very much and stumbled upon the tangled weeds.

"I only meant—I—I didn't mean—— That is the way I feel fascinated by you, you know; and I suppose it might be the same——"

They walked on, she still advancing a few paces because she had the path, he retarded because, in his attempt to come up with her, he was knee-deep in flowers. But after a minute, observing that he was hurt in his mind because of her laughter, she mocked him, laughing again, but turned the sunshine of her loving face full upon him as she did so.

"Most fascinating and entrancing of butchers!" quoth she.

With that, as she entered another thicket of sumac trees, he caught and kissed her in its shade.

And there was one man who heard her words and saw his act, one who took in the full meaning of it even more clearly than they could, because they in their transport had not his clearness of vision. Robert Trenholme, coming to seek them, chanced in crossing this place, thick-set with shrubs, to come near them unawares, and seeing them, and having at the sight no power in him to advance another step or speak a word, he let them pass joyously on their way towards home. It was not many moments before they had passed off the scene, and he was left the only human actor in that happy wilderness where flower and leaf and bird, the blue firmament on high and the laughing river, rejoiced together in the glory of light and colour.

Trenholme crossed the path and strode through flowery tangle and woody thicket like a giant in sudden strength, snapping all that offered to detain his feet. He sought, he knew not why, the murmur and the motion of the river; and where young trees stood thickest, as spearsmen to guard the loneliness of its bank, he sat down upon a rock and covered his face, as if even from the spirits of solitude and from his own consciousness he must hide. He thought of nothing: his soul within him was mad.

He had come out of his school not half an hour before, rejoicing more than any schoolboy going to

play in the glorious weather. For him there was not too much light on the lovely autumn landscape; it was all a part of the peace that was within him and without, of the God he knew to be within him and without—for, out of his struggle for righteousness in small things, he had come back into that light which most men cannot see or believe. Just in so far as a man comes into that light he ceases to know himself as separate, but knows that he is a part of all men and all things; that his joy is the joy of all men, that their pain is his; therefore, as Trenholme desired the fulfilment of his own hopes, he desired that all hope in the world might find fruition. And because this day he saw—what is always true if we could but see it—that joy is a thousandfold greater than pain, the glory of the autumn seemed to him like a psalm of praise, and he gave thanks for all men.

Thus Trenholme had walked into the red-leaved groves—but now, as he sat by the river, all that, for the time, had passed away, except as some indistinct memory of it maddened him. His heart was full of rage against his brother, rage too against the woman he loved; and with this rage warred most bitterly a self-loathing because he knew that his anger against them was unjust. She did not know, she had no cause to know, that she had darkened his whole life; but—what a *fool* she was! What companionship could that thoughtless fellow give her? How he would drag her down! And *he*, too, could not know that he had better have killed his brother than have done this. But any woman would have done for Alec; for himself there was only this one—only this one in the whole world. He judged his brother; any girl with a pretty face and a good heart would have done for that boisterous fellow—while for himself—"Oh, God," he said, "it is hard!"

Thus accusing and excusing these lovers, excusing and again accusing himself for his rage against them, he descended slowly into the depth of his trouble—for man, in his weakness, is so made that he can come at his worst suffering only by degrees. Yet when he had made this descent, the hope he had cherished for months and years lay utterly overthrown; it could not have been more dead had it been a hundred years in dying. He had not known before how dear it was, yet he had known that it was dearer than all else, except that other hope with which we do not compare our desires for earthly good because we think it may exist beside them and grow thereby.

There are times when, to a man, time is not, when the life of years is gathered into indefinite moments; and after, when outward things claim again the exhausted mind, he wonders that the day is not further spent. And Trenholme wondered at the length of that fine afternoon, when he observed it again and saw that the sun had not yet sunk low; and as he measured the shadows that the bright trees cast athwart the sparkling river, he was led away to think the thoughts that had been his when he had so lightly come into those gay autumn bowers. A swallow skimmed the water with burnished wing; he heard the breeze and the river. They were the same; the movement and music were the same; God was still with him; was he so base as to withhold the thanksgiving that had been checked, half uttered in his heart, by the spring of that cou-

chant sorrow? *Then* in the sum of life's blessings he had numbered that hope of his, and *now* he had seen the perfect fruition of that hope in joy. It was not his—was it not much to know that God had made such joy, had given it to man? Had he no honest praise to give for other men's mercies? none for the joy of this man who was his brother? Across the murmur of the river he spoke words so familiar

that they came to clothe the thought—"We do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and—loving-kindness—to us—and to *all men*."

And although, as he said them, his hand was clenched so that his fingers cut the palm, yet, because he gave thanks, Robert Trenholme was nearer than he knew to being a holy man.

BERMUDA.

IN previous volumes of the "Leisure Hour" have appeared papers on the history, climate, and varied associations of the islands, the "still vexed Bermoothes" of Milton. Here was the scene also of the famous ode of Andrew Marvell, Milton's friend, and as true an English patriot as he was. Every one knows the lines on "The Emigrants," beginning—

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!"

Then after recording the wonders of the sea and the land, as seen by "the Pilgrim Fathers" on their way to the New World, he concludes:

"Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

For more than two centuries a "British Possession," this was useful as a military station in war, and as a place for finding employment (and salaries) in peace. Theodore Hook, it may be remembered, was sent there as Accountant-General, but had to retire, "from disorder of the chest," as he called his financial incapacity. The "Somers Islands" they were sometimes named, from being first colonised by Admiral Sir George Somers, shipwrecked here in 1609, on his way to Virginia.

The present statistics of Bermuda will be found in that most necessary book of reference and storehouse of information, "Whitaker's Almanack." One of the recent events which recalled public attention to the islands, was the "banishment" of a battalion of the Guards to the station for the misconduct of some of the soldiers in London. Except for the absence of the excitement of London, the officers found they had been sent to a happy climate and a beautiful island. The regiment soon recovered its good discipline and good character, and on their return home the people were sorry to lose their presence and their money.

There appears to be a new page of history about to be opened for the little known islands. In the Consular report of last year (as summarised in the "Times") we read:

"Lieutenant-General Lyons, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, states that the revenue for the year amounted to £33,955 and the expenditure to £31,644. It is generally believed in Bermuda, the report states, that the high import duties recently imposed on the agricultural products of these islands by the United States are injurious to the colony; but, whether this is the case or not, it would appear that the recent tariff legislation in that country, taken as a whole, has not been injurious. There is practically no poverty in the colony, though there is little realised wealth. For many years past the value of its imports has always largely exceeded the value of its exports. Even in the most prosperous years, from an agricultural point of view, its imports have always been considerably more than double the value of its exports. The colony must, therefore, be becoming less and less dependent on agriculture, and, though agriculture may be an important factor in its future prosperity, there are other lines along which it has and is continuing to advance.

"This is beginning to be realised in the colony, and the Colonial Secretary states that he cannot help feeling that the Colonial Legislature moved in the right direction when it authorised an expenditure of £40,000 for the purpose of improving the channels leading into Hamilton Harbour. He also mentions that the company whose ships now ply between Bermuda and New York have given the Colonial Government to understand that they intend to enter into a contract for building a steamer which will be able to perform the voyage between the colony and New York in about forty-five hours, instead of seventy as at present, as soon as the Colonial Government have concluded the contract for deepening these channels; and the result of this will certainly be to increase considerably the popularity of these islands as a winter resort, the greatest drawback at present being the time occupied in the voyage between the islands and New York and the unpleasantness of the passage in comparatively small steamers during the winter months. There are also indications which lead one to hope that when these contemplated channel improvements are completed direct communication between the Bermudas and the mother country may be established, at any rate in the winter season, which would no doubt prove advantageous not only to the colony, but to many delicate persons to whom the English climate in winter is injurious, and to some of whom, at any rate, the Colonial Secretary believes, the climate of the Bermudas would be more beneficial than that of the Madeiras."

We must add that whoever it is in Printing House Square that summarises the Consular Reports from various parts of the Empire does a most useful work. The Reports themselves are cheap and easily procured, but there are few who take the trouble to send for them, or who have the time to read them. In the "Times" short paragraph the statistics of many countries are summarised, and those who seek fuller details can find them in publications concerning the colonies in which they are interested, for purposes either of trade or emigration.

AN ARCADIAN ISLAND.

BY ADELIA GATES.

WE were sitting—a half-dozen of us—under the trees of the pleasant Villa delle Piazzole, which overlooks “la bella Firenze,” discoursing indolently of things here and there.

Turning to me, our host asked, with an air of sudden interest, “In all your wanderings have you ever found a happy people?”

“Yes, twice—twice at least.”

“Twice! You are indeed fortunate,” said he. “Pray tell us about them.”

“Very gladly will I tell you of my ‘New Arcadias.’ The first of them is a sunny island in a calm blue sea, where, ignorant of the follies and fashions of our complex civilisation, untouched by its competitions, uncorroded by its ambitions, unvexed by its theological discussions, there exists a population of about four hundred simple Christians.

“Cheerfully obeying the divine law of labour, and unharassed by rent-collectors, they dwell in peace, each under his own vine- and fig-tree; at night sleeping the sleep of the honestly weary, and greeting fearlessly each new day.”

“Beautiful!” cried the good Doctor, a man who dreams heavenly dreams, and has the blessed faculty of turning them into realities, as many a needy and suffering one can testify. “Beautiful! And where is your Arcadia, and how comes it to merit that name?”

Encouraged by his amiable enthusiasm, I went on with my story.

“This isle of the blest is one of the Lipari group, lying to the south of Italy, and between it and Sicily; and it is known to the world as Panaria. Within its borders there is neither doctor nor dentist; yet its inhabitants live to a good old age, and keep their teeth well. There is no lawyer, and no prison; yet there are no disputes over boundary lines, no quarrels between debtor and creditor, and no theft. There is no liquor-seller, nor tobacconist, nor tea-merchant; and yet the people are not unsocial nor gloomy. There is no almshouse, and no beggar. One shoemaker—or, to speak more exactly, one sandal-maker—is able to meet all demands as to footgear; while a cotton kerchief and their own abundant hair are all the head-covering the women need; for, except to the field, they go only to the church, and it has never entered their simple thought that God delights in millinery. The men also wear a kerchief twisted around the head, the ends hanging down over the neck behind; some of them wear the beretta, or Sicilian cap, which is usually scarlet or dark blue.

“Each family wins from its own plot of ground enough grain, vegetables, oil, and wine for home consumption, and of the two latter products sufficient is exported to procure from abroad the

materials for their simple clothing, which the housewife makes up in complete independence of tailors.

“The sea yields them all their animal food, except, perhaps, a few chickens for great occasions, as a christening or a wedding. In the whole island there is no carriage-road, and few there have ever seen a horse. That worthy servant of man is known to them only by some stray print, or by the report of those who have ‘travelled’ to the larger islands or to Italy in search of work. To the young Panarian, indeed, it would be nearly as great a wonder as it was to the American Indians when introduced to them by Columbus and his Spaniards.”

“How are your Arcadians governed?” here interposed Professor M——, caressing, as he spoke, the tame pigeon that is his constant companion. “I suppose there must be magistrates and policemen even there.”

“Policemen in Panaria! The animal is not known there, and crime is almost equally unknown.

“All the public offices are united in one person, whose name I speak with affectionate reverence—Padre Michelangelo la Greca. Some thirty-five years ago a kind wind bore thither that good priest, then a young man, whose fervent faith and love sought expression in the truest way—service.

“When he came to Panaria he found no port, no post, no school, no church, no anything but a verdant and fertile island, and a people, not savage nor bad, but utterly illiterate—*in alfabeti*, as the Italians say. He has remained there unto this day, devoting himself to their welfare as faithfully as Father Damien to his lepers, baptizing, marrying, burying, preaching, teaching, and growing old serenely in his consecrated service.

“Thanks to his untiring efforts, Panaria has now a little port, postal communication with the mainland, a submarine telegraph to Sicily, a school, and a commodious church, where, three hundred and sixty-five mornings of the year, and fifty-two afternoons, there is a service. And never have I seen a more devout congregation than assembles there before going to the day’s labour. During nearly the entire service—it certainly was not tediously long—they all, men, women, and children, remained on their knees, not looking at their neighbour, nor regarding the stranger-guest, great novelty as the latter was. At the conclusion the good priest laid aside his robes, donned the no less honourable homespun such as his people wore, and, like them, put his hand to such labour as required it.

“One cannot doubt that, if all Christians acted in a similar self-respecting, work-respecting spirit,

the problem of the relations between capital and labour would be simplified, and strikes would be rare.

"Not all the people come to the church every morning, but there was always a fairly good congregation.

"I have said that all the public offices of the island are held by one man—not, however, because he has sought them, but because he is the fittest to undertake them, and perhaps the only one there who is fitted to do so, and because, in so small and simple a population, the duties of each office are light; all combined, they would not overtax an ordinarily capable official. As a matter of fact, then, Padre Michelangelo is, as he himself jestingly said, a sort of *multum in parvo*—priest, mayor, harbour-master, postmaster, and master of the submarine telegraph, aided in the last-named office, however, by his widowed niece, who, with her little daughter, finds a welcome home with him.

"If the duties of these honourable offices are not onerous—the postal boat, for example, touches once a week only, and the mail, as may be imagined, is light—neither are they lucrative. They are cheerfully undertaken, not for personal gain, but for the common weal.

"The real burden of the good man's cares comes from his relation as spiritual father to this family of four hundred—a relation intimate and absorbing.

"And yet, as though these were not enough for his hands and heart, he must needs fill a part of his evenings by acting as schoolmaster to boys who must be kept from the day school to work in the field.

"I asked him if he did not sometimes feel weary and lonely, isolated as he was from the world and its activities.

"I have no time for that," he replied.

"The island is not large—some three miles in length, perhaps, by two in breadth—so that during my stay I was able, under his guidance, to explore it thoroughly, from its precipitous crest to its ribbon-like shore, from the occasional ruined towers, where in old times a look-out for pirates was kept, to the three prosperous, if tiny, hamlets of Iditella, San Pietro, and Deatto.

"In these walks we were usually accompanied by the padre's little niece, Annina—the *signorina*, emphatically—the brown, beautiful little princess of the island.

"One morning, as we were setting off on our trip, she suddenly stopped at a short distance from the house, and, looking up at her uncle, said gravely, 'Zio, that my stomach may not become enfeebled, should I not take with me something to eat?'

"That might be well," he replied, with equal gravity; and beckoning to a labourer, bade him bring the *signorina* a piece of bread. She put it into her pocket, and, her mind being now at rest in regard to future ill, thought no more of her stomach nor of the dry hard bread. The Panarian bread was exceedingly hard at best—not a bad thing either, say the dietetic reformers.

"Perhaps the hard bread had something to say to the fine teeth of the people. While I was there

an old woman was ill, and it was proposed to make some soft bread for her. She resented the proposal, and cried, 'Do they think, then, that I can't eat my hard bread?'

"It was pleasant as we passed along in our excursions to see how old and young, and even little children, felt quite at home with the padre. With each one he shook hands, and paused a moment to say a few kind words.

"You seem to know them all," I said.

"Yes," he replied. 'Why should I not? Are they not all my Lord's children and mine?'

"What a mourning there will be when you are called away," I continued. 'What will they do without you?'

"He who sent me can send another," was the quiet response.

"Panaria, like all the islands of the Lipari group, is of volcanic formation, and bears abundant traces of its fiery origin in its soil, its rocks, and its hot springs. But while it produces oil and wine in abundance, it yet has no such sources of wealth as Salina possesses in its salt springs, Lipari in its pumice stone, and Vulcano in its sulphur and borax. But being a sister in the little family of islands—eleven all told, seven of them inhabited—she reaps the advantage of the relation. Lipari, the chief island and seat of government, supplies pumice to all Europe, and to many other lands; and the revenue derived from it suffices for the municipal expenses of the entire group. Salina alone, being the richest of the islands, has preferred to stand by herself, and so bears all the burden of her municipal expenses.

"So a small land-tax to the Italian Government is the only financial burden Panaria has. Every foot of cultivable soil on the island is utilised. Where there is not sufficient soil for a carob tree, there the hardy olive strikes its roots. Planted by the birds in every nook and crevice of the stony broken masses scattered here and there, it grows willingly, yields abundantly, and beautifies the rocks with the green and silver of its peculiar foliage and the deep purple of its fruit. But most of all does the rich volcanic earth reward the culture of the vine, and the malvoisie of Panaria is deservedly famous.

"It was my intention at first to stay only three days on the island, and to go then by the postal boat to Stromboli; but when I spoke of leaving I was met by a cry of expostulation.

"Ah, signora," said the padre, 'if you could imagine the joy it is to us to receive some one from that great world outside, and talk of the interesting things that we so seldom hear about, surely you would remain longer with us. Let the postal steamer pass on. I will send you in my own little boat to Stromboli.'

"So I stayed yet several days, during which time my host did everything possible to please and interest his guest.

"One of those days was the *festa* of San Bartolomeo, when the little church displayed its best altar-cloth, the priest wore his finest vestments, the islanders their best attire, and when there was a discharge of humble fireworks in honour of the saint.

"Another day I was shown the storehouse, with its great barrels of wine—red and white—its bins of carob pods parched in hot sand, others full of shelled carob beans which had been subjected to the same process, and yet others of fava beans and ceci—these last resembling pease, and excellent when cooked.

"Most memorable day of all was the last one of my stay, which was devoted to visiting the four little outlying uninhabited islets of Basiluzzo, Dattolo, Lisca-Bianca, and Lisca-Nera. The first-named is the largest, and affords pasturage for a few goats. The others are scarcely more than naked rocks. Besides its name, Basiluzzo bears yet another trace of old Greek occupation in two curious subterranean chambers with vaulted ceilings, which were accidentally discovered at different times by the shepherds who brought goats to pasture on the island. When first found they contained various specimens of pottery—little terracotta lamps, vases, etc.; but these were soon broken and lost, no antiquary nor person who knew their value being near to preserve these so interesting relics. Another trace of ancient human occupation may be seen a few hundred yards from Basiluzzo, just beneath the surface of the sea, where, although half overgrown with algæ, the foundation line of houses, with fragments of their walls, may be clearly traced.

"As we were rowing homeward, I made the remark that these islands seemed like rocks cast at random into the sea.

"As to that, we have a legend," said the padre, with a smile. "When Saturday night came, and the Creator had finished making the world, and was about to rest from His work, He noticed a pile of rocks as yet unused. 'I must not leave these stones here,' He thought; and, so thinking, threw them out into the sea. They fell where they liked with a great splash, and that is how Lisca-Nera, Dattolo, and the others came to be here."

"The Italians tell stories of this sort with a stronger sense of humour than of reverence.

"And here," cried one of the oarsmen, "is a hole where the devils come up to breathe." If devils breathe out sulphuretted hydrogen instead of carbonic acid gas, his statement might not seem improbable, for a submarine fumarole had its vent just here, and we were told to hold our nose in passing it.

"One day, at dinner, Padre Michelangelo said to his niece, but looking at me, 'My heart is sad when I look at the Signora. She seems to me a mirror of all the virtues, and when I think that she is not in the true Church, and that, if she dies out of it, she is lost, my soul is sad within me.'

"A few days later he said, 'I am consoled in regard to the signora. Though she does not agree with us in regard to forms, nor even in dogma, still she is at heart a Christian, and I trust she will be saved.'

"And so, with kindly judgment and friendly good feeling on both sides, we came to the day of parting.

"On leaving I offered him the money I would have paid at an hotel if there had been such a thing on the island. He declined it, and when I pressed

the matter said reproachfully, 'Signora, this is an offence; it is an action unworthy of you; we do not so understand hospitality in Panaria.'

"Something for the servants then?' 'Not a soldo. They do their work, they receive their wages, and they know nothing of those ways of the world, nor do I wish them to.'

"Something for your poor,' I urged. He drew himself up rather proudly, as indeed he had a right to, and said seriously, 'We are none of us very rich, as you see, signora; but, if you would give alms at Panaria, there is no one to receive them.' One might travel far, and never hear such words a second time.'

"At least allow me to leave something for your church,' I insisted. 'You surely will not deny me that.'

"That is another thing. If the signora wishes to leave something for the church, I have no right to refuse it. But do not leave it in my house. Go to the church, and lay it before the Madonna.'

"This I did, and though the church door was always open, I am sure the Madonna had no need to watch over my gift.

"On my return to Sicily I sent my kind host a useful present, which it was not in his power to refuse. I also promised to write him a letter for every Christmas so long as we both live on earth.

"When I heard, a year or two after my visit there, of the volcanic disturbance in the Lipari Isles, the almost total destruction of the Island of Vulcano, and the ominous activity of the crater of Stromboli, my heart stood still for a moment, then trembled for the Arcadian island I so loved. But my fears proved groundless. Beyond a dim ash-laden atmosphere for some days, and a few slight tremors, Panaria was untouched.

"Do I make too much, I wonder, of this little island, set like a gem in that distant sea? Do I picture its simple life in colours too bright? Have I praised too highly its humble virtues? It is true that its people know nothing of the greater world without—its terrible struggle between good and evil, its despairs, and its mighty hopes. In scientific discovery, in the world's reformatory movements, they have no lot nor part. What does the temperance movement, what does licence or prohibition mean to them? And so of most other of our reforms. They have nothing that answers to our definition of luxuries. Is that regrettable? They have, instead of luxury, health. Knowing no more in the way of material satisfactions than they have, they desire no more; and, having few wants, they feel no greed of riches. If they miss the higher pleasures of the intellect, they escape the pangs that come from its manifold perversions. They have none of the excitements of our social life, nor its degrading vices. Doubtless they have some superstitions; doubtless they have dogmatic errors. Which of our many sects does not believe his neighbour to have them?

"True, their range of thought is limited, their existence narrow. No doubt that, after a short residence there, the cosmopolite would become terribly weary, and it would be no Arcadia to him. And doubtless I, too, would long for larger interests and deeper enthusiasms, even though they

involved sharper pains and bitter disappointments.

"Realising all this, and no way willing to exchange my existence for theirs, my ideals and hopes for theirs, still, remembering their innocent, harmless, and peaceful life, and obedient following

of their best light ; remembering, also, the brave, cheerful spirit, the pure aims and unselfish devotion of their beloved father and friend—I say here, these truly are God's children, walking in His ways, keeping His commandments ; and I end, as I began, by calling this little island an Arcadia."

THE DOCTORS OF BOLT COURT.

IN the popular mind there is but one doctor of Bolt Court, and that is Dr. Johnson, who came to live at No. 8 in 1776, and dwelt there until his death in 1784. But the popular mind, as is not unusual, has accepted as truth what it wished to believe, and satisfied itself with a series of identifications which can be most charitably dismissed as wholly regrettable and somewhat amusing. A recent sale of one of the so-called "Johnson houses" has again set the press going in the ways of error, and the house's early removal has provoked a small storm of unnecessary regret which we may herein be doing a service in seeking to allay.

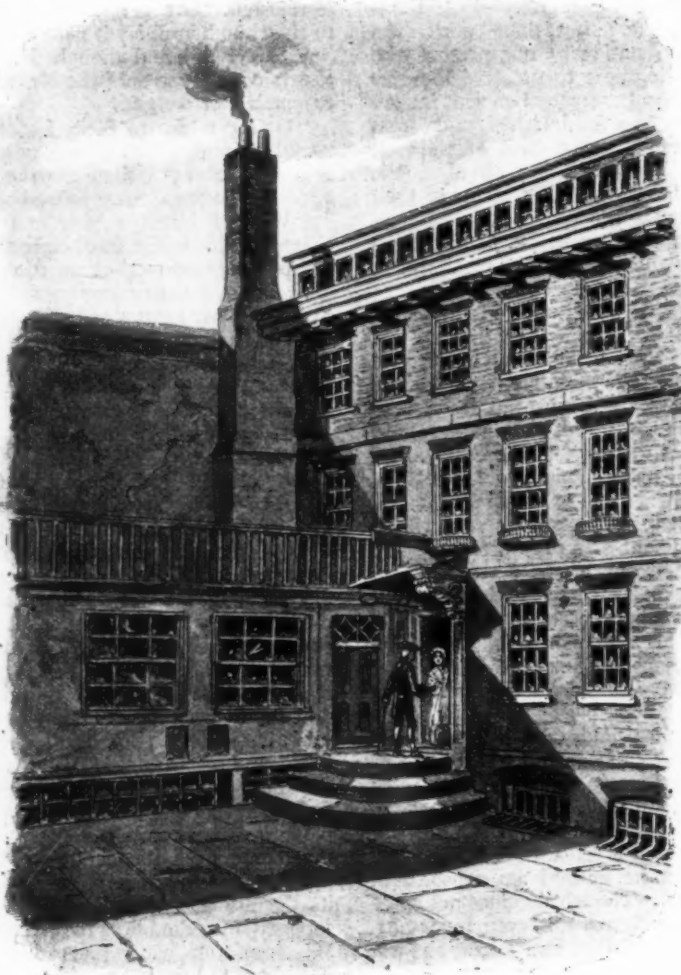
Let us begin with a view of the house in which Dr. Johnson died. Here it is, the historic No. 8 ; but you will be puzzled to find anything like it in Bolt Court now. Whence did it come ? In the Soane Museum there is a remarkable copy of "Pennant's Account of London" for 1805. This

copy is splendidly illustrated with original drawings, engravings, etc., collected by Henry Fauntleroy, the banker, who was hanged for forgery in 1824,

and it was purchased by Sir John Soane at the sale of his effects in 1825. In this book is the original drawing of Dr. Johnson's house in 1808 from which our engraving has been made, with the permission of Mr. Papworth the Curator, to whom we are also indebted for the accompanying new portrait of Johnson, which is also from an original sketch in the same interleaved volume.

It will be remembered that Johnson's landlord was Edmund Allen, who lived next door to him. "He was," says Boswell, "a worthy, obliging man, and his very old acquaintance, and what was exceedingly amusing, though he was of a very

diminutive size, he used even in Johnson's presence to imitate the stately periods and slow and solemn utterance of the great man." It was to Allen that



THE ORIGINAL NO. 8 BOLT COURT, IN WHICH DR. JOHNSON LIVED AND DIED.

Johnson wrote when he was stricken with paralysis: "It has pleased God, this morning, to deprive me of the powers of speech; and as I do not know



DR. JOHNSON. (From an unpublished drawing.)

but that it may be His further good pleasure to deprive me soon of my senses, I request you will, on the receipt of this note, come to me, and act for me as the exigencies of my case may require." He was a printer, and was succeeded in his business by Thomas Bensley, who, twenty-one years after Johnson's death, bought the freehold of both houses, and began to use No. 8 as part of his printing premises.

Bensley is not unknown to the readers of this magazine. In the "Centenary of the Rotary Printing Press," in the 1890 volume, which has been reprinted in the "Leisure Hour Library,"¹ we saw how he and Koenig interviewed Nicholson in the King's Bench and coolly appropriated the old man's patent for printing by steam, and how John Walter went to Frith Street, Soho, to see the new press at work, with a view to its introduction as a preventive of strikes on the "Times" newspaper. Of course Bensley's presses in Bolt Court soon came to be driven by steam, and equally of course came the usual fire, which on June 26, 1819, burnt Dr. Johnson's house to the ground. Thomas Bensley had a son Benjamin, born in No. 8, in the room next to that in which Johnson died; and this Benjamin Bensley built in 1820 the house now standing in Bolt Court, which is nearly, but not quite on the site of the one occupied by Johnson. The old house had been numbered 8, this was built as No. 6, Bolt Court being a free-and-easy sort of place, where numbers are apt to run a little wild.

The old house had a garden which extended back into Johnson's Court. This garden, which the doctor, we are told, took delight in watering, had the vine with the three bunches of grapes on it, and in it were the stone seats on which he and Boswell talked on Good Friday 1783. When the present house was built the garden was retained, but in

1858 the Bensleys sold their property to the Stationers' Company for the purposes of their school, and then the garden became the playground, and the house the head-master's house, with the school-rooms adjoining. The school has now gone to Stroud Green, and the whole of the erstwhile Bensley block is to be cleared away for "improvements."

The so-called "Dr. Johnson's house" was, as shown in our engraving, a well-built substantial block with a good deal of character in it—the character of the reign during which it arose. The school-room, with its cross beams and hacked benches, was like many more famous school-rooms, especially when, as on the day we visited it, there were a few boys in it, kept there under detention, one of whom was dancing the double shuffle on a form, behind the back of the master who so courteously showed us round.

But it was obtrusively modern, too modern in fact even for some of the Americans who, knowing that Johnson lived in Bolt Court, were pleased to choose another of the Bolt Court houses as the doctor's residence, being mainly led to do so by a well-known engraving which shows a wigged figure in Georgian apparel awkwardly lumbering down the steps. In considering this as "the doctor's house," they had every justification. It was indeed the doctor's house, very much of the doctor's house in fact; but "the doctor" was



THE SCHOOL-ROOM IN BOLT COURT.

Lettsom, and not Johnson; and the house is that which Lettsom gave to the Medical Society of London.

¹ In "Foundry, Forge, and Factory."

Lettsom was quite as famous in his day as Johnson, but he was not so fortunate in his biographer. He was the "jeune Américain de beaucoup de mérite qui est de la paisible secte des Trembleurs," introduced to Dr. Dubourg by

apprenticed to a practitioner at Settle, and there he began botany, besides working up his Latin and Greek and acquiring French from a master sent for by subscription from London. In time he came to London as a surgeon's dresser at St. Thomas's, where he met Aken-side, who proved to be much more pleasurable in imagination than in fact.

In 1767 Lettsom went to take possession of his property in the West Indies, which he found to consist of a piece of land and fifty slaves. The slaves he promptly liberated, and thus became voluntarily poor at twenty-three. There was no nonsense about Lettsom; whatever opinions he held he always had the courage of them. "A demure face and all the sanctimonious exterior of individuals, he apprehended as nothing where beneficence was wanting; impressed with these sentiments, as he lived, so he died." Slavery was not at its best in Tortola; when Lettsom was there he was once sent for to cut off a slave's leg; the slave had run away and been caught, and this was the master's method of preventing a repetition of the offence!

Evidently there was money to be made in this neighbourhood, but Lettsom did not care for the conditions, and in less than a year he was back at Liverpool with sufficient to help him in his studies. He went to Edinburgh, to Paris, to Spa in search of medical knowledge, and finally took his degree at Leyden in 1769, and under Fother-

gill's wing began his London practice. Next year he married, and the year after that, so rapidly had he gone ahead, he was an F.R.S.

He wrote much and he wrote often, mostly in his carriage while visiting his patients. His activity was amazing and his popularity enormous. He made thousands a year from those who could afford to pay, and gave thousands away in charity to those he knew could not. He was the originator of the City Dispensary, which was the first of its kind. With Cogan and Hawes he started the Royal Humane Society. The General Sea Bathing Infirmary at Margate was of his foundation, and his annual visit to it was his only holiday, a holiday of just seventy-two hours. He wrote on Tea, and helped on its drinking, though it was his suggestion that tea was first used to correct the bad water the Chinaman had to drink, the Dutch having first brought it to Europe for a similar purpose. And he was the first man to figure the tea plant from the first specimen that flowered in Europe, that at Sion House. He



STATIONERS' COMPANY'S SCHOOL: ENTRANCE AND HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

Benjamin Franklin, whose French was more literal than literary. Born in the Virgin Islands, in 1744, the twin son of a mother who bore twin sons seven times, he and his brother being the only children that survived, he was sent home from the West Indies to Lancaster to be brought up when he was only six years old. A friend of the family to whom he came was Samuel Fothergill, the Quaker minister, to amuse whom on his arrival he danced a negro dance, for which the worthy Friend rewarded him with a halfpenny. A triviality? By no means. Fothergill and the boy thereupon took a fancy to each other, and when young Lettsom was left fatherless Fothergill became his guardian; and Fothergill's brother was the great London physician, Dr. John Fothergill, whom Lettsom eventually met, and to whose practice he succeeded.

Lettsom was ever on the alert for knowledge. He went to school near Sankey, and there the smelting-house set him collecting ores and minerals; he was a clerk for a few months at Liverpool, and there he started collecting seaweeds; he was

advocated Indian corn as a substitute for wheat in bread, and suggested that potatoes might be added to flour, a suggestion the bakers seized upon immediately. "Why not keep bees?" he asked. "Within twenty miles of London you might have 50,000 beehives, meaning a guinea each profit a year!" And the result was the foundation of the first Apiarian Society.

He was the introducer of the mangold into British agriculture, the seed of which he sold for the benefit of the Royal Humane Society, and the Society for the Relief of Small Debtors, which was another of his foundations. The demand for the seed was not large until Coke of Holkham planted some in his garden, and when the plants grew big sought to pull one up. He thought it would require all his strength, but it came up suddenly as is the manner of mangolds, and Coke fell backwards with the root in his arms. The fall of Coke was the rise of mangold; for he began to talk about it, and to tell how it made his arms ache to carry the root to the farmyard, and how the pigs fought for it, and how he intended to plant mangolds largely, which he did. Lettsom also brought sea-kale on to our fashionable dinner-tables, and grew it largely at Grove Hill, where he also cultivated Scorzonera, which has not proved so acceptable. Another food plant in which he interested himself was the purple goatsbeard, *Tragopogon porrifolius*, which he recommended

"Yet are we gay in every way,
Not minding where the jokes lie;
On Saturday at bowls we play
At Camberwell with Coakley.

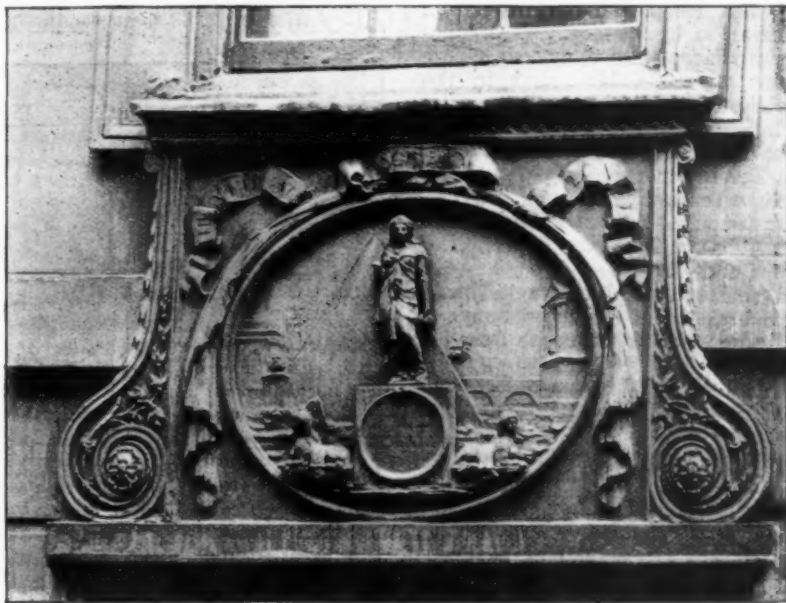
"Methinks you laugh to hear but half,
The name of Dr. Lettsom;
From him of good—talk, liquors, food—
His guests will always get some.

"And guests has he, in every degree,
Of decent estimation;
His liberal mind holds all mankind
As an extended Nation.

"In fossils he is deep, we see,
Nor knows Beasts, Fishes, Birds ill;
With Plants not few, some from Pelew,
And wondrous Mangel Wurzel.

"West India bred, warm heart, cool head,
The City's first Physician;
By schemes humane—Want, Sickness, Pain,
To aid is his ambition."

And the time came for Boswell to get a lecture from his physician. "I have observed," wrote the doctor to him, "not merely a too frequent use of the glass, but that mixture of liquors which, as a



TABLET OVER THE DOORWAY OF NO. 3 BOLT COURT.

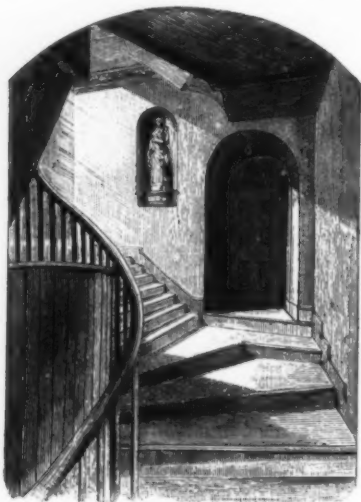
boiled and served as a vegetable or added to soup.

The Grove Hill garden was the talk of the town, and every week-end the villa had its visitors. Maurice wrote a poem on the place—printed of course by Bensley—and even Boswell burst into verse:

professional man, I can add, tends to injure the best human fabrick. I will add further, what ample experience authorizes, that by whatever means the spirits are exhilarated beyond the chaste medium of nature, the alternation of mental languor will result: withal the depression is great in proportion to the degree of foreign excitement."

Though knowing many of the same people, once only, as far as we know, did Lettsom and Johnson dine together.

"I once," wrote Lettsom, "dined with him, Wilkes, Boswell, and Lee the American." What a



STAIRCASE, NO. 3 BOLT COURT.

group! "It was ungrateful," said Lee, "for the Scotch, who, when emigrants, always found an asylum in America, to be the most violent opponents to American independence, and to oppose their benefactors in the Cabinet and in the field." "The obligation," replied Boswell, "was not so considerable when it is understood that the Americans sent the Scotch emigrants to Cape Fear, and such like barren regions." Whereupon Johnson broke in with his usual Scotophobia.

This was the famous dinner at Dilly's in the Poultry where Johnson first met Wilkes after Boswell's triumph of diplomacy.

It is one of the best scenes in Boswell's book. "Pars magna fui" says he of the negotiation, and great was the success of the enterprise from his point of view.

When Dilly died he left Lettsom a legacy of £500. It was this Lettsom of whom the doggerel rhyme was written:

"When any sick to me apply,
I physicks, bleeds, and sweats 'em,
If after that they choose to dic,
What's that to me?"

I LETTSOM."

To which he replied, reasonably enough:

"Such swarms of patients do to me apply,
Did I not practise, some would surely die;
'Tis true I purge some, bleed some, sweat some,
Admit I expedite a few, still many call,

I LET-SOME."

Tall, slightly built, with a deeply furrowed yellow face, and always dressed in Quaker garb, Lettsom, though he lived most of his life in Sambrook Court, was well known in Fleet Street. When he founded

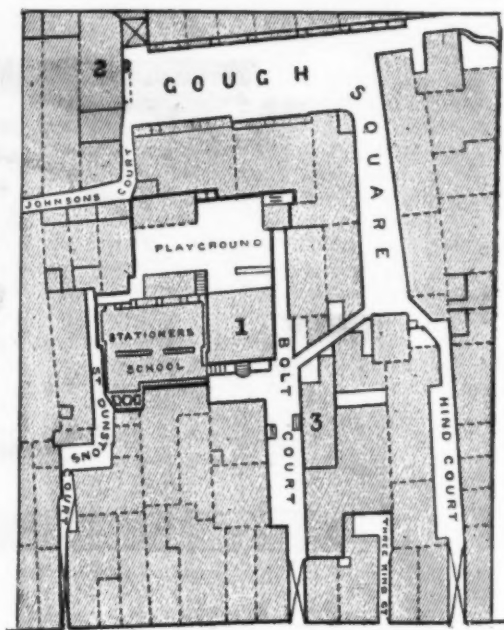
the Medical Society of London in 1773, it held its meetings in Crane Court, but fourteen years afterwards he gave them his Bolt Court house, and at their present quarters in Chandos Street there is a picture of him presenting the council with this house's title-deeds.

The house No. 3 Bolt Court is immediately recognisable by the tablet he placed over the door, a duplicate of which he put up at Grove Hill. The group shows the Isis of Sais, the revealer of the mysteries of Nature and universal benefactress who especially presided over medicine, which she was said to have invented, as she was also said to have discovered the virtues of the healing plants; and it likewise contains the sphinx and the coiled serpent representing Eternity. Within the circle are the words:

ΕΓΩ
ΕΙΜΙ ΠΑΝ ΤΟ ΓΕΓΟΝΟΣ
ΚΑΙ ΟΝ, ΚΑΙ ΕΣΟΜΕΝΟΝ
ΚΑΙ ΤΟΝ ΕΜΟΝ ΠΕΠΛΟΝ
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΠΩ ΘΝΗΤΑΝ
ΑΠΕΚΑΛΥΨΕΝ.

"I am whatever is, or has been, and will be; and no mortal has hitherto drawn aside my veil."

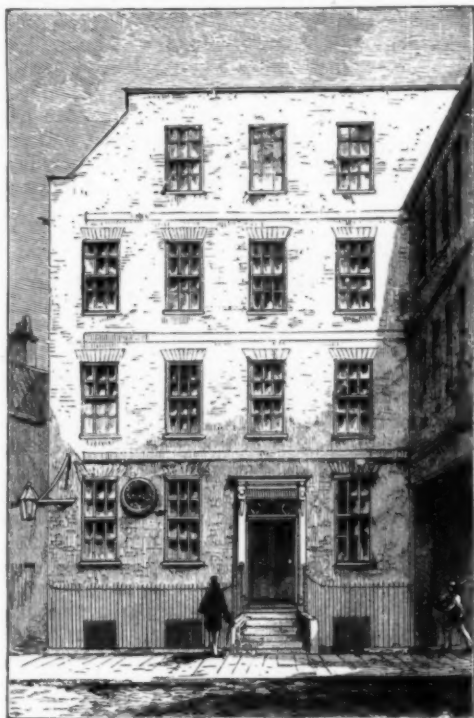
This is not the only tablet that the house has borne. Mr. W. R. Hall, the registrar of the Society, on kindly searching through the records for us, found that in 1828 the council approved of a tablet being placed on the front of the house, with the inscription *Societas Medica Londinensis, Instituta Anno Domini 1773*; but as this is not at pre-



PLAN OF BOLT COURT AND ITS VICINITY.

sent visible, it was probably taken down in 1850, when the Society moved to George Street, Hanover Square.

After the Society left the house it was held under lease by Remington Mills of Staines, once chairman of the New River Company, a wealthy Congregationalist and leading promoter of the Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street; and in 1867 it was taken over by Mr. G. Pearson, the engraver of the illustrations to this article, who has been engraving on wood in this same house for 35 years. It is a roomy house, with a good staircase—one of the nooks on which we have sketched—and as soon as the society left, it came to be let in detachments like the rest of the Fleet Street warren. In it "The Patriot" and other Nonconformist newspapers were published for many years,



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE.

and here the celebrated Dr. Campbell edited "The British Banner."

Though Johnson may have occasionally touched its railings or descended its steps, he certainly never lived in the house, any more than he did in that built by Bensley. The only house of his now

existing is that in Gough Square further along the court and round the corner, where the Dictionary was made. Here the upper room was fitted up like an office, and there his five Scottish clerks would appear to have given him that dislike of their compatriots which he was always so pleased to show. Six amanuenses he had altogether, the sixth being Peyton, "who, I believe," says Boswell, "taught French, and published some elementary tracts." Here it was that the existing dictionaries were overhauled, and the best of them, Bailey's, pasted down on loose sheets to be improved upon; and here it was that the quotations which made the Dictionary so valuable were copied from the original books and sorted into order. Here it was that his wife died, and that "The Rambler" and the greater part of "The Idler" were written.

His next move was to Staple Inn, his next to Gray's Inn, which he left in 1761 for chambers at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane, where he first became Doctor Johnson, the University of Dublin having given him an honorary LL.D. in 1765. When he was in Gough Square he was simply Mr. Johnson—his M.A. Oxon. having been conferred on him there, in consideration of his work on the dictionary, then about to be published. From Inner Temple Lane he moved to 7 Johnson's Court, which was named after another Johnson, and there in 1775 he received his further honorary degree of D.C.L. of Oxford. Early in the next year he moved to the vanished house in Bolt Court we have already noticed.

In this house lived the strange company immortalised by Boswell in the most entertaining book in the language—a work truly unique, for never before or since has a "life" on Boswellian lines proved pleasant or even tolerable. Johnson's library was on "the two pair of stairs floor"; in the attic was Levett; in the kitchen was Mrs. White; and then there was Poll, who "was wiggle-waggle and could never be persuaded to be categorical," and peevish Mrs. Williams, and the Desmoulins and the Barbers, *passim*.

Here was the door with the knocker which sounded so hollow when Rogers and Maltby came to show their poems that they fled in dismay. And here it was that Isaac D'Israeli came on December 13, 1784, to inquire after some verses he had forwarded for criticism, and of which he had heard nothing.

"Is Dr. Johnson within?" he asked of the black servant who opened the door.

"Sir," said Frank, "the doctor died but a few hours ago."

W. J. GORDON.

A BREATH OF THE SEA.

BY ADA CAMBRIDGE

II.

OUT of doors it rained still, and she did not know where to go. In the bright and stirring old days the trams would be running to and from the Back Beach every few minutes, but now they had stopped, and the cabs were at the pier. She could walk to the Back Beach, but it would tire her dreadfully, and there would hardly be time to walk there and back too. Besides, she would be soaked. Not that that mattered. There was no one to care whether she took her death of cold or not. It would be the best thing that could happen. But in the first place it was necessary to get out of the path that David would traverse when he had finished his dinner.

She stepped over a magnificent dog lying on the door-mat, and led Tommy round the house to a quiet corner that she knew of, where a verandah sheltered them, and they were out of view from the public approach. Here they stood and watched the rain, until the grey sky lightened, and Emma calculated that David must have finished his meal and gone. Then she said to her brother: "Tommy, dear, go to the Back Beach *I must*. It is going to clear up; we have over an hour still. Run like a good boy, and find out if any trams are starting. If not, get a cab and bring it here. I am a little tired, and you'll go quicker without me. I'll wait for you."

Off went Tommy at full speed. Emma stood on the steps of the paved path to the hotel dining-room, to watch for his return. And David quietly came down that path behind her.

As soon as she knew that it was he—and she knew it the moment she heard his step—she moved aside to let him pass, and stood very rigidly, staring at the sky. And he did pass her—almost. Just as she was seized with an insane impulse to beg him to take some notice of her, he checked his stride, and spoke. His voice was abrupt and cold, but she had never before been so glad to hear it.

"Won't you get wet?"

She answered, without looking at him, "Oh no; I have my ulster on"—and then wished she had not been so familiar. She remembered how she had been humiliated, and pressed her lips together.

"I think you had better stand under the verandah. There's no use in catching cold for nothing."

"I shall do very well where I am, thank you."

"Where's Tommy gone?"

"To get me a cab or a tram. I want to go to the Back Beach."

"I'll see about it. Perhaps he doesn't know where to find them."

"Pray don't trouble. He knows perfectly. We don't require any assistance."

She was quite pleased with her lofty tone and dignity. But when he took her at her word, and then and there walked off, without even a good-bye, she raged at herself for having spoken so nastily, and was seriously upset. "That was my first chance," she said, "and perhaps it will be my last. It would serve me right." Yet she looked eagerly for the coming cab or tram, making sure—almost sure—that David would return with it. He had evidently noticed that she was not strong, and was alive to the fact that she was not adequately protected. He really had a kind heart at bottom. And he must care something about her still. He was not anxious for her to die, so that he might marry somebody else.

It was the tram that came, and she ran across the road to meet it. But only Tommy sat in the open carriage, and she saw by his face that he had not seen David. She was absurdly disappointed, and could not speak when the boy pointed out to her that it had quite left off raining. She thought of the times when she and David had gone spinning together over the bosky tram road to the ocean shore—could he have forgotten them? He had heard her say that she was going now—had he no wish to return to those old haunts with her? But of course he hadn't. And it was all her fault.

The little engine whisked them through the wet bushes, and set them down upon the lovely headland overhanging the sea—the real outside sea, with breakers spouting round the big rock, and foaming like whipped cream along the sands; and as she gazed at the familiar scene her throat ached, and her eyes burned, and her excited pulses shook her all over, worse than ever. The wind had died down and the rain cleared off; beyond the breakers and the rock the waters seemed almost calmer than the bay. And the colours were too wonderful for words. A wide band of dove-blue sky—herald of another squall—lay over the horizon, and under it a breadth of peacock-purple sea that no painter would dare to imitate, because the critics, people who don't notice atmospheric effects, would turn up their noses and exclaim, "Who ever saw sea like that?" And the sea in the middle, under the clearer sky, was more artistically unnatural still—a metallic, translucent, bright pea-green, with pinky-lilac shadows under the clouds. It had almost a stagey glare and gaudiness about it—or that is what a faithful picture of it would have had; the real thing was so exquisitely beautiful that no one in a pensive mood could stand it. Emma stumbled down the winding paths a little way, until she came to a bench where she could sit at ease and look out, as from a lighthouse tower, upon the scene, and there

she dropped, feeling as if her heart would break. It had come to this—cry she must. She had borne up gallantly, considering that she had no health to support her, but she could bear up no longer. So she said to her brother, "Tommy, dear, I feel as if I should like to be alone a little while. I'm—I'm tired. You go down to the beach and amuse yourself. Get some shells and things for Lizzie. I'll sit here and rest till it is time to start."

This, of course, was Tommy's natural impulse, and down he went, promising to be back by a quarter to four, when the last train started for the steamer. He was out of sight immediately, and not another soul was to be seen. She looked all round, to satisfy herself of that, and then took out her pocket-handkerchief, laid her two arms on the back of the bench, buried her face in them, and thoroughly enjoyed a good, hearty outburst—got the lump out of her throat, and the swelling out of her breast, and felt better after it than she had done for months.

While still abandoned to this paroxysm, but over the first violence of it, the big grey man from the hotel came down upon her, and this time she did not hear him. For not only did she indulge in tears, she also moaned aloud, because that was a luxury denied her in her father's house, where Lizzie was for ever watching her. She cried, "Oh—oh—oh—h—h," in long-drawn wails and sighs, which filled her ears to the exclusion of other sounds. Thus the sound of solid steps on the soft sand of the winding footpaths was lost.

David saw her while yet some yards away, and paused to look at her. He had fully intended to cut her if he met her again—to cut her with particular precision and emphasis—but now he changed his mind. He had the temper of a fiend, no doubt, but there was a little something of the angel under it, if one took the trouble to look deep enough, and that part of him was touched by her forlorn attitude. It was a very pretty attitude for a slender figure, particularly about the waist. She sat as on a horse, only much more gracefully, and under her twisted shoulders and upraised arms the curves of her girlish shape were very dainty. Her jacket was under her, for the bench was wet, and the simplicity of a cotton blouse and close-clinging serge skirt exactly suited her. She had an instinct for dress, and therefore her clothes always suited her; they were quite simple, but never lacked distinction and style. People are born with this attribute in all classes of life.

Presently she lifted her head to dab her red eyes and set her hat straight, and then she saw her husband. He was behind the seat, but not behind her face, which looked thunderstruck for the moment. As there was not time to think how she should behave, she did not behave at all. She cried out, piteously, "Oh, David, why do you torment me?"

He came forward at once.

"I have no thought of doing such a thing," he said stiffly. "I did not know you were here, or I would have taken another path."

There was a little pause, and then she burst out vehemently, "One would think I had the plague."

He raised his brows. "Isn't that what you would wish?"

"Oh," she cried, "I don't know what I wish. I'm miserable!"

Then she turned round upon the seat, and sat up primly, giving hasty twitches to hat and veil. He hesitated for a moment, and boldly sat down beside her.

"That cloud," said he, "is getting thicker. There's another storm coming."

"I'm afraid so," she answered, looking at the dove-blue belt, which had a more slaty hue and a greater width than when she last noticed it. "But it doesn't matter. There's more shelter here than there used to be."

"Yes. They've built that shed since our time."

The mention of "our time" was paralyzing. She racked her brains for another topic, but could not find one. A terrible silence ensued.

David broke it—with a thunderbolt. "What makes you miserable?" he asked her. And, though he looked quite away from her when he spoke, she cowered and cast her eyes upon the ground. Of course she gave the inevitable answer—"Nothing."

"People don't say they are miserable, and cry their hearts out, for nothing."

"How do you know I was crying?"

"I saw you. I heard you."

"Have you been watching me?"

She took on her indignant tone, and he disdained to reply. Upon which she veered round hastily.

"*Everything* makes me miserable! How can I be otherwise than miserable!"

"Why, I thought it was only being with me that made you miserable. I have been imagining you quite enjoying yourself—with that dear, amiable sister of yours."

"Say what you like to *me*, but don't sneer at her," she exclaimed in a quarrelsome tone, and again—since he did not "answer back"—repenting. She had no real heart for quarrelling now, nor, it appeared, had he. Lest he should get up and go, lest this brief but precious opportunity be wasted like the last, she hastened to make herself more agreeable.

"Are you—are you quite well, David? You look well."

"Yes, thanks. I'm all right." He silently poked the damp ground with his umbrella, and, having rooted up a weed or two, stole a side glance at her. "I'm afraid I can't return the compliment," he remarked. "I don't think you are looking well at all. I noticed it directly I saw you."

"Just now?"

"No—at lunch."

"Did you really take the trouble to notice me at lunch?"

"I did." Another palpitating pause. "What's been the matter with you, Emmie?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Of course. I expected you would say that. Well, I suppose it's no business of mine——"

"I mean, nothing serious; I haven't been really ill. It's—it's more mind than body, I think."

"How's that?"

He poked five holes in the gravel while he waited vainly for an explanation.

"I daresay," she presently continued, "I shall

be ever so much the better for this little change. The sea always does me good."

"Are you staying here?"

"No. We came by the boat this morning, and are going back now. It must be nearly time, by the way."

"More than half an hour yet," he said, looking at his watch. "Who are 'we'?"

"Tommy and I. He has gone down to the beach to look for shells."

"Only Tommy? Are the rest of them in town?"

"No—at home. We came by ourselves, just for the trip—just because I pined so for a breath of sea. We shall return to-morrow. Are you—?"

But she could say no more. Both jerked their heads sharply towards the sound of an approaching step hurrying up an unseen path beneath them. In a moment Tommy's freckled face appeared above the bushes.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Emma, weakly. She pretended to be much relieved, but she was ready to cry with chagrin.

"Well, my boy," said David, with assumed heartiness, "how are you?"

Tommy stopped dead with amazement, red and breathless; then came forward to shake hands with his brother-in-law, accepting his presence without comment—for even a rough schoolboy has a wonderful knack of behaving like a gentleman at times in such awkward crises. His first idea was to make himself scarce immediately.

"It's coming on to rain," he stammered. "Hadn't I better run up and see if there's a tram about?"

He looked at David, and David looked at him with shy affection. They had always been good friends.

"Perhaps you'd better," said David, as Emma's reluctance to move kept her silent. "Yes, it's coming on to pour badly. Put on your jacket, Emma."

She stood up, and he helped her on with her light coat, just as he used to do in the honeymoon days. Perhaps he would have done something more, and so would she, had not the storm-cloud burst in a fierce shower and driven them to seek instant shelter. They scrambled up the hill to the long shed that was a strange place to them; and there stood side by side behind David's umbrella—for the rain drove from the sea; and Emma began to wonder, with a shaking heart, how the adventure was going to end. Tommy was at the tram platform, skipping up and down with glee.

"You needn't," said David, "hug that damp thing against your thin shirt, need you? Give it to me." He alluded to her ulster, which hung over her folded arms.

"It's all right, thank you."

"Give it to me."

She handed it over with a smile—her first smile—pleased to hear the imperious tone at which she used to be so absurdly offended. When he had carefully felt it all over, he bade her put it on. He also helped her to adjust it with the hand that was not holding the umbrella. As his big fingers fumbled with a button near her throat, she cast down her eyes, and blushed and trembled, as if she

were being tentatively wooed again. The old girl bashfulness prompted her to frustrate their mutual ends by a stupid and commonplace remark.

"What a day for a bay excursion!"

"Yes," he said slowly. "What made you choose such a day?"

"I did not choose it." And she went into explanations. "I might say"—looking at him almost archly—"how came *you* to choose such a day?"

"I? Oh—business."

"Not pleasure?"

"No, indeed. I haven't been thinking much about pleasure these days. I'm like the rest, as I suppose you know—pretty nearly stone-broke."

"What? You don't mean that! No, I never, never knew!"

"Well, I've lost a good two-thirds of the income I had when you were with me, and Heaven knows whether I am going to save the rest. So you see"—with sudden bitterness—"you timed it very well."

She moved closer and looked squarely up at him, and there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, David, how can you speak so? Do you suppose I cared for money—for anything—?"

"You certainly didn't care for me," he broke in roughly. "That's all I know."

"But—if you come to that—did *you* care for *me*?"

"I never deserted you, at any rate."

"But, Davie—"

Alas! At this critical juncture they were interrupted again. Tommy came running to inform them that the tram was about to start. Stern duty compelled him.

"Oh!" Emma faintly ejaculated; and then a deadly silence fell.

When all three were in the car, exposed to a rush of rain that was like a volley of bullets, she whispered under David's umbrella, held broadside to the gale, "Are you going by the *Hygeia* too?"

He said, "Yes." And then they spoke no more, except to Tommy, until they reached the boat. On the way thither they had to shelter for some time in the tram shed on the bay side. When they walked down the pier and climbed on board, the air was clear and soft, and a pallid sky gleaming over a mauve and pea-green sea.

On deck David picked up a chair, and asked his wife where she preferred to sit. She chose a place astern, between two of the fixed seats, where there were fewest people. There, being comfortably settled, with her feet upon the rail and her back to everybody, she felt that all she wanted in the world was to have him in another chair beside her, to talk to her all the way to Melbourne—which would be for two hours and a half. In *that* time, surely, she would be able to explain away some of the misapprehensions that he evidently laboured under. She burned to explain them—to justify herself. No, not to justify herself exactly; perhaps not even to excuse herself; but to disabuse his mind of the idea that she had left him because she did not care for him—to make him understand, above all things, that she was not the woman to seek comfort for herself while those she loved were in difficulty and

poverty—to wholly reconsider the situation, in short, with a view to better arrangements.

But, instead of sitting down with her in that deliciously quiet corner, which she had chosen on purpose, he strayed away with Tommy. They disappeared together before she was aware of it, and did not come back. She kept her ears pricked and her eyes turned over her left shoulder for a long time; but the *Hygeia* is a big boat, on which one can easily lose and be lost to one's friends, and for nearly the whole distance between Sorrento and Queenscliff she never saw a sign of them. The fact was that David had a great many vital questions to submit to his small brother-in-law before he could proceed further; but this she did not think of. She imagined that Tommy had gone off to leave the coast clear for a lover's tête-à-tête, and that David had gone off to avoid that tête-à-tête. As time went on, and hope and patience failed, and it seemed evident to her that he was quite implacable, she ceased to make any pretences to herself. She admitted that she could never bear now to go back to the country as she had come away from it—that if he refused to let her retrace the mad step she had taken six months ago, her heart would break and her life become wholly valueless to her.

A very miserable woman she was as she sat forlornly alone in her nook between the empty seats, watching the rough tumble of the water that could hardly shake the steady floor beneath her, and the floods of swirling foam that ran past her feet, comfortably tucked between the open rails. Listening to the sound she loved—the sweetest music in the world—and gazing on the scene for which her soul had hungered as an exile for its home, she said to herself that she wished she was dead—that she would like to jump up from her chair and throw herself overboard. "If I were dead, past troubling him any more, perhaps he would care for me a little," she thought, with tear-filled eyes and a bursting heart. "Oh, I wish I was drowned, and dead at the bottom of the sea!"

Then something happened whereby she nearly had that wish. It is unnecessary to say *how* it happened, for the Marine Board, in sundry forms and ceremonies, lasting over a fortnight, settled that; and a mere unprofessional participator in the event has no business to express an opinion. The *Hygeia* was nearing Queenscliff—where Emma had a conviction that David would get off and finish his journey by train, so as to be finally rid of her—and the *Flinders*, on its way to Launceston, was making for the Heads. The two fast boats, like long-lost brothers hastening to embrace each other, kept their respective courses at full speed until they met, and the bows of the Tasmanian boat were only a few yards from the side of the bay steamer—a good long way from the end. At this last moment, passengers who had been trusting the two captains to know what they were doing, suddenly realised that one or other, or both, had made a bad mistake. The "imminent collision," so much spoken of in the newspapers afterwards, was as "imminent" as anything of the sort could be—it seemed absolutely inevitable. Romantic reporters described the *Hygeia's* people as rushing

for life-belts and cork jackets in a panic of fright, but there was no time for that—no time even to turn the button which would have showered those articles upon all in need of them. They simply got up from their chairs and stood for a breathless instant with their hearts in their mouths. Then the miracle was wrought—that is to say, the prompt act whereby the ship-master, whether of bay or sea, shows himself such a splendid fellow in a crisis. The *Flinders* having already backed her engines, the *Hygeia* ported her helm, the beautiful little vessel whisking round with the light speed of a waltzing lady; and, sideways to each other, they swept apart—twenty feet between them, it was said, but it looked like inches—and went their ways as if nothing had happened. It was all over in a breath.

But in that breath things changed for Emma. She sat facing the *Flinders* as it came up, exactly in the path of the towering bows; and as she sprang from her chair an arm was flung round her and she was whirled from that dangerous place.

"Don't be frightened, dear—stick to me," said David. And then the boat slewed round, and they saw that they were not going into the water. Emma—though she did not want to drown now—had a moment's keen disappointment. She thought how beautiful it would have been to be shipwrecked, and saved by her gallant husband—for of course he would have saved her. She forgot the sharks.

Next moment he was leading her back to her seat, laughing confusedly; she hanging on his arm, bathed in delicious blushes from head to foot.

"Ha! I say, that was a narrow shave! I really thought she was into us," he said, as he handed her a chair.

"Yes. And wasn't it odd?"—her voice quivered and her eyes filled—"I was just wishing I was at the bottom of the sea."

"Don't talk nonsense," he rejoined, very roughly, but with no unkindness in his tone.

"It isn't nonsense. I don't care a bit for my life—as things are now." There was a wail in her voice. "David, you are not going away again, are you?"

"Only to get a chair."

He fetched a chair, and sat down beside her, very close. Flanked by the two empty seats, and with their backs to the deck, where all the passengers, Tommy included, were looking towards the Queenscliff pier with their backs to them, they were quite private.

"And so you haven't found it so very jolly, after all?"

He smiled a little to himself, but did not let her see it.

"Oh, David, I have been so miserable—so utterly miserable—without you!"

"And you were utterly miserable with me. So what's to be done?"

"It was my fault, David. I know I don't deserve to be forgiven—"

Too overcome to proceed, she looked at him with swimming eyes, and put out her hand appealingly. He took it and held it, gently kneading it between his own.

"I think it was mostly mine," he said. "I know I've got a vile temper—and you *did* use to rile me, old girl—now didn't you?"

"I was a *beast*."

"No, no, you weren't. But—well, we didn't understand each other, did we? We were both too new to it, I suppose. I should have been gentler with a delicate little thing like you. I've been awfully sorry about it many a time."

"You never wrote to me, David!"

"You never wrote to me, Emmie."

"I didn't like to."

"And I couldn't—after your telling me——"

"Oh, don't speak of that! If you *knew* how I've regretted those hasty, wicked words—how I've wanted to come back——"

"There, there!" he whispered soothingly, for her emotion was so great that it threatened to attract notice. "Let's say no more about it. Come back, if you feel you want to—if you think you can put up with such an ogre as I am—a ruined man, into the bargain——"

"Oh, I don't mind your being poor—all the better! I can work for you, as well as you for me—I can do without a servant——"

"No, no, I'm not so badly off as that. I'm not going to let you slave and fag, and wear yourself out. It's for me to take care of you, pet. And I mean to do it—a little better than I did last time. When I get you again, I'll see if I can't fatten you up a bit, and put the roses back into your cheeks. You are looking wretched."

"No wonder! No wonder!"

"Only you must promise not to throw me over again, Emmie, if we happen to quarrel—I daresay I shall be obstreperous sometimes—I'll try not——"

"Darling! Darling!"

She leaned against his bent shoulder, put an arm across his breast, which she could hardly span, and her lips to his prickly red moustache. He clasped her for a moment, and they snatched an eager kiss. Of course people saw them, even with their backs turned, and were visibly scandalised. But Emma, while blushing for her indiscretion, refused to be ashamed of it.

"Are we not husband and wife?" she demanded, bridling.

"Thank God we are!" he replied. "And what we've got to do now is to keep so. But, Emmie, let us behave ourselves in a public place. Put your

hat straight, my dear. I am going now to get you a cup of tea.

He went downstairs, leaving her, in her palpitating happiness, to tuck up her loose hair, arrange her veil, and otherwise compose herself. When he returned, Tommy was with him, grinning from ear to ear, and capering for joy.

"My word!" he whispered audibly, "you little thought what you were coming to the seaside for, did you? And on such a bad day too! Wasn't it a bit of luck?"

"I believe," said Emma, solemnly, "that I was *led*."

It came on to rain and blow again harder than ever—a gale fierce enough to snap the hawser, a new eight-inch Manilla hawser, that was holding a newly-arrived steamer to her berth, and otherwise to damage things. But the *Hygeia*, with weather awnings down, slipped calmly through it, as steady as a rock; and David and Emma, when they had moved forward a little, were perfectly dry and comfortable. Oh, never, never, in all their lives, had they been so comfortable before! Then, at about five o'clock, the colour came into the sea again, and the loveliest rainbow into the sky.

David pointed to it.

"We won't drown the world any more, Emmie?"

"I won't," she answered, with a chastened smile.

Tommy had left them for a long time, and now came creeping back to give them the encouragement of his opinion that it was going to be a fine evening, after all.

"I believe so," said David. "And I was just regretting that we hadn't stayed at Sorrento. We could have had a nice long ramble before dark."

"Oh, but we couldn't have stayed, you know. We promised to go home to-morrow. I've got my examinations next week."

"Well, my boy, you can go. I'll see you off safely, and get somebody to look after you on the journey. But Emma had better stay with me. One day of the sea isn't enough for her—she wants a longer change. Tell Lizzie I don't think, by the look of her, that she has been at all well taken care of up there——"

"David—hush!"

"And that I think she's safer in my charge. We'll go back to Sorrento, Emmie, and stop there over Sunday, since the sea does you so much good."

AN OLD VOLUME OF "PUNCH."

IN M. Taine's shrewd and lively "Notes on England," there is an admirable chapter on "Society as Depicted by 'Punch.'" Between "Punch," "the first of English satirical journals," and "French journals of the same sort," M. Taine found the contrast striking and "most instructive." Certain of the least reputable or agreeable features

of French social life are depicted *ad nauseam* by the French humourists; English pictorial satire of the present day leaves such things alone. It results, that the principal illustrated comic papers of Paris are not always very nice to look at, and are seldom very healthy to read; while the pages of "Punch" are uniformly clean and wholesome. This, doubt-

less, is a main reason why "Punch" is still, what it has been nearly always, the most popular journal in England—as it is also, in some respects, one of the most remarkable journals in the world. Not at all times would this boast of the cleanliness of English pictorial satire have been admissible. It were easy to show periods in the history of English caricature when the cleverest and most popular work was at least as offensive as the very worst that is done in France to-day; its humour brutal, its satire less corrective than cruel. But no such blemishes as these have ever "deformed and defaced" the pages of "Mr. Punch."

Emerson viewed "Punch" as "the comic version" of English good sense; "the delight of every class" (he wrote nearly half a century ago), "because uniformly guided by that taste which is tyrannical in England. It is a new trait of the nineteenth century, that the wit and humour of England as in 'Punch,' so in the humourists Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, have taken the direction of humanity and freedom."¹

It is cattle-show week, and a very fat farmer and his wife are hailing the conductor of an Islington omnibus. "No use," answers the conductor. "You're too late. Yesterday was the last day for receiving." A masher of the period, on his way to a party, makes a call at an artist's studio, where the artist and his friends are "wrop up" in a cloud of tobacco. "How shall I get the smell of it out of my clothes?" was his thought on leaving. "You haven't any scent, have you?" "A bottle of the best," replies the owner of the studio. "Give us your handkerchief. Nothing like turps, old fellow," and he empties a bottle of turpentine over the handkerchief. A picture of an obese man, with a porcine profile, who is dining on sucking-pig, has for motto, "Cannibalism!" The cup of humour has its sediment at the bottom, and this is it. They can "go one better" than this in the comic press of Berlin. So many of us, however, like their fun, as the sexton liked his sermons—"plain"; and "Mr. Punch" might set up the not unreasonable defence that it would be hard if, out of one entire volume, a little dulness could not be extracted.

What M. Taine liked most in "Punch" was, as he said, the evident affection (the "gust," as Mr. Stevenson puts it) with which, at this date, the artists depicted scenes of domestic happiness, the innocent amours of Edwin and Angelina, the little shifts and trials of newly-wedded couples, the rude health and undisturbed gaiety of child-life.

Take, for instance, "Punch's" picture: "Saturday Evening: Arrival of the Husbands' Boat." "The pier," says M. Taine, "is covered with wives, young for the most part, whose faces are radiant with happiness; the children dance with joy. What a welcome! Turn, by way of contrast, to the same subject treated by a French artist, the husbands' train arriving at Tréport, or Trouville. The husbands are there represented as vulgar tradesmen, as snarlers. In the conjugal scenes, the same sentiment predominates. Augustus, during the honeymoon, is shown trying to make the tea. . . . Theodore and Emily,

sheltered behind the harbour crane, think themselves out of sight; and Theodore on his knees flattens his tender and snubby nose upon the white hand which is yielded to him. They are both unaware that the mirror of a camera obscura, which has been directed towards them for ten minutes, reproduces the scene for the amusement of spectators. . . . The young girls are especially fascinating; 'Punch' depicts himself as a lover looking in rapture upon their fair hair falling freely over their shoulders; his heart beats, he is overcome, he thinks them too charming. . . . Here are the married folks: look at the domestic scenes. They are not unpleasing, bitterly satirical; no broken-down husbands, or wretched, bad-tempered, and spoiled children, like those whom M. Daumier represents so frequently, and with so open a hatred, are to be met with here. The artists nearly always regard infancy as something charming and beautiful."

Manifestly, this is a little too rosy. "Mr. Punch's" optimism has never been quite so inveterate as this, or he would have come as short of the mark as M. Daumier with his too-persistent cynicism. Examples in proof shall be offered by-and-by.

Now for a few of his favourite characters at this period. Some of them, it will be observed, have all but disappeared from his view at this day. His pets or his butts, in the late sixties and the early seventies, were the captain in the army, the swell (both genuine and spurious), the curate, the rector, the young lovers, the maiden aunt, the match-making mamma, paterfamilias, the footman, the housemaid, the cook, the amateur, the impecunious artist, the cabman, the young man from the country (a type almost extinct), the policeman, the sporting-man, the person from foreign parts, and the inhabitants of the nursery.

For the captain in the army "Mr. Punch" at this period had an almost boundless admiration. Spruce, well set-up, and excellently dressed, he stands for the "roof and crown" of the well-bred social organism, and is usually the hero of the scene in which he figures. Leader-writers and paragraphists in the Radical dailies and weeklies had not as yet begun to hint that, whatever his successes in society, and whatever his prowess on the polo-ground, he was almost a stranger to the men who were expected to learn soldiering of him. Seen by "Mr. Punch" two decades and more ago, he is as irresistible at a dance as in the hunting-field. He is "Mr. Punch's" Admirable Crichton. "Nobody flirts as I flirt," sang a music-hall lady fifteen or twenty years ago. Nobody flirts, rides, skates, dances, or shoots as "Punch's" captain in the army when the century was twenty years younger. If Julia (not Herrick's, but her twin-sister) makes a *faux pas* on the ice, it is the captain who is always on the spot to catch her. It is he who, when walking in the wood with Laura, spies a sprig of mistletoe on the oak, and makes a proper use of the opportunity. The captain is almost the only person who is permitted to get a rise out of the cabman. He is privileged to have the last word even with an Irish car-driver. "The Biter Bit" is the title of a brief tale which tells how the captain

¹ Emerson could appreciate the humour of these writers, but he did not know how much "Punch" owed to the wisdom and tact and good sense of Mark Lemon, best of editors.—ED. L.H.

got the better of the car-man. The scene is a railway station, and the captain, surrounded by his luggage, is discovered in parley with two ragged drivers. "I'm waiting for the Meeger, yer honour," insinuates the first driver. "B'leeve me," says the second driver in a whisper, "'tis the General himself, an' I'm his K'yar." "Ah! that's a bore," responds the captain. "You can't take me, I suppose? I'm only the captain."

Contrasted with the captain in the army is the genuine heavy swell, in his way as finished a product of British civilisation as is his polar opposite, the true cad or cockney. Slow of intellect, but of imperturbable serenity, the swell may be the cause of wit in others, but he is never, intentionally at least, witty in himself. At this period he is distinguished by whiskers of the Dundreary pattern, and trousers very wide above and very narrow below. He seldom seems to be quite awake. He draws out a neat thing occasionally, but he does not wish you to laugh at it. He is going to town from his country seat, and he reaches the station—according to his wont—just as the train has disappeared. "Express just gone, sir," says the porter, much more concerned than Dundreary. "Aw! Fetch anotheh," is the bland response. Occasionally he is moved by a sudden impulse of sympathy with the "lower orders," and an industrial exhibition for their benefit calls out all his slumbering energies. We have a picture of an entire ducal family at work in the drawing-room. The duke himself is knitting stockings. The duchess is making a pair of strong boots. The duke's brother is embroidering for a petticoat, the duke's sister is building a model ironclad, and the duke's little girls are helping with suggestions.

Here perhaps one may not improperly introduce the great live ornament of the ducal *ménage*, the footman, the Apollo of the servants' hall. Thackeray devoted a whole book to him, M. Taine was distinctly impressed by him, and "Mr. Punch" himself has a visible tenderness for Jeames. He rallies him, but he does it feelingly, and even with something of respect. The artist limns him earnestly, and with care, not venturing to trifle with his unique proportions. He appears to be at least nine feet high, he has the shoulders of an oarsman and the thews of a gladiator. But he is languid, his favourite attitude is one of repose, and when bidden to mount behind the carriage on a warm day, he yawns and says: "If my lady does not find it too hot for her, I find it too hot for me." He is solicitous of his own and of his master's dignity, and gives notice to leave because he has seen his lordship riding on the knifeboard of an omnibus. When he kisses the duke's baby on its birthday, the nurse does not conceal her envy.

The spurious swell scarcely deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with the admirable flunkey. The flunkeyism of the flunkey is sincere; even when he is perceived in the act of padding his calves, one feels instinctively that this is a perfectly proper thing for him to do. For the spurious swell "Mr. Punch" has a thoroughgoing and most unqualified contempt. He dresses him up in Dundreary's clothes, but it is only that he may the better expose the hollowness of the creature within.

He defrauds the cabman, is rude to beauty, and insolent to the policeman. It is only with the country cousin, who is too simple to see through him, that he has any successes. He takes the cousin for a walk through the fashionable parts of town, bows to the occupants of carriages whom he does not know, and drops blank cards at houses where he has never visited. But he falls over the hoops at croquet, and goes to the bad "along of" drink.

Mention has been made of the cabman, whom the spurious swell defrauds. The cabman is, at this era, one of the most familiar figures in "Punch." He is very thick and stolid, flame-visaged like Bardolph, and whether the month be January or June, he appears to carry his whole wardrobe on his back. Soulless as a boiler for the most part, he is nevertheless a pathetic and at times almost a tragic figure. The great unsolved problem of his life is how he may secure the extra sixpence. His existence is a perpetual strife with that immense section of the public which insists on being driven a one-and-sixpenny course for a shilling. Nothing provokes his bile more than a demand for change, and when asked for a sixpence in exchange for a florin he wishes, "s'elp 'im," that sixpences were as scarce as gentlemen. The utterances that come readiest to his lips are those of withering scorn or simple denunciation, but he can be mildly reproachful on occasion. "Ah, sir, if I had laid out my money all my life as well as you've laid out this yer shillin', I should ha' bin a rich man by this time." To a rubicund elderly gent who expostulates for having been driven only two miles in three-quarters of an hour, he replies by asking whether the public expects Derby winners at sixpence the mile. "Sixpence by Act o' Parliament!" he thunders to another fare, stouter than ordinary. "Then you don't ketch me a-carryin' yer agen, 'cos I can't afford it. W'y, it don't pay me for hoilin' and screwin' up arter yer!" But he is best, after all, when he wheedles: witness the following dialogue:—"Two-and-six!" this is the exclamation of an angry man who has been taking his wife and child for an airing in a four-wheeler. "Two-and-six! Why, you don't reckon anything for this baby, I should hope." "Ah! and I dessay you and your good lady don't reckon nothink of 'im neither, eh, mum? Bless 'is little 'art!" "Claim allowed," is "Mr. Punch's" conclusion of the story.

Between the cabman and the 'bus-driver (and all other drivers) relations on the road are more or less strained; and intercourse, when it passes from mere contemptuous pantomime (often as expressive as a Neapolitan's), or strange guttural sounds, to articulate speech, is brief, pointed, and pungent. It is, "Now 'en, with that Noah's Ark o' yourn!" when the 'bus is pulled up right in the path of the cabman; or to the driver of a hearse, "Lemme come by, will yer! Your fare ain't in no 'urry, I reckon." Or this, on the part of a 'bus-driver to a cabman between whom and himself there is an Orsini-Colonna-like feud:—"Wot, still the same old 'oss! Wouldn't the knacker take 'im then?" The following, between the Jehu of a 'bus and the driver of a police-van, is in a lighter key. "Hullo, Guv, got any room there?" "Yas,

just room for one. Saved the place a-purpose for you." "Wot's yer fare?" "Bread and water; same as you 'ad afore!"

At the period in question, "Mr. Punch" is continuously jocular at the expense of the new Volunteer force. The little eccentricities which tickled his fancy when the force was young disappeared as its members grew familiar with military precepts and the discipline of parade-ground and camp. But in their very earliest days the Volunteers were a gallant body, for here is a picture of an entire company leaving the ranks to rush to the assistance of a young lady who has fallen into a duck-pond. Insubordination is the subject of another cartoon; a very raw recruit falling out as he remarks to the officer in command, "Taint the first time, Mr. Adjutant, as you've called me a odd, file: blowed if I stand it any longer." Here we have Private Jones mutinous on the eve of a review because he has been billeted at a temperance hotel. The review being over, Corporal Smith is exhibited as an example of its demoralising effects. The corporal looks as if he might be in the grocery line when at home, but he has clearly not spared himself in the field, for he is returning grimy and ragged, as if from a twelve months' campaign. "Glorious day, Jenny!" he exclaims to his wife, who hardly knows him. "My dear, it was so like the real thing, that I declare several times I was quite sorry I hadn't got ball cartridge." Farther on we listen to the complaint of a captain whose men can't find time for drill, because "they go so much into society." The captain himself has doubts respecting his appearance in uniform, and solves them whenever he meets a regiment of regulars by escaping into a cab. But these humours belong to the past, and the salt has gone out of them.

Twenty years ago crinolines occupied a good deal of space, alike in public places and in the comic prints. "Mr. Punch" never liked the crinoline. It incommoded him; it made him doubt whether the globe were really as roomy as geographers averred. He was driven to inconvenient and ridiculous shifts in order to adapt himself to the extravagant requirements of the ladies' hoops. Accordingly, he eggs his artist on to show in the plainest possible manner that either the crinoline must be abolished or some grave alteration must be made in social usages. The crinoline had become all-pervading. Ordinary staircases are not wide enough for Angelina and her partner descending to the supper-room; Angelina wants the whole staircase to herself, and Edwin, holding her hand, descends outside the balusters. It is as bad when they ride together in a hansom; Angelina and her hoops fill the interior, and Edwin sits perilously on the splasher. As for getting down the steps to the new underground railway, that is not to be thought of. In Derbyshire, where stone walls are substituted for fences or hedges, and a two-foot gap in the wall does duty for a stile, ladies in the best fashion cannot walk through the fields at all. "Well, dear," observes Lucy to Grace at a pass-way of this sort, "if this is the style of thing in Derbyshire, farmers had better write up 'no thoroughfare' at once; then people would know

what to do." On occasion the crinoline serves as a man-trap. A lady and her husband are outside a bonnet shop, in the window of which the lady espies the newest shape from Paris. Unhesitatingly she turns to her husband. "Charles, dear, I am really afraid that my crinoline is coming off." "Good gracious, Fanny! Let's bolt into this bonnet shop." And "Mr. Punch" brings the story to a laconic termination with the comment "Sold!" which applies as well to the bonnet as to the gentleman who paid for it. In the course of time, however, the satirist triumphed; the crinoline did at length "come off," and fell from the waist of beauty, "never to rise again."

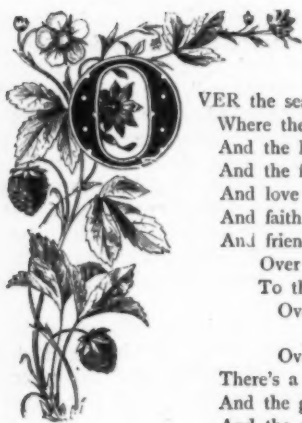
The sporting pictures are numerous and delightfully drawn. Especially racy are the scenes in the hunting-field. Hounds, horses, and riders are to the life. "Mr. Punch" has a heart for all gay Dianas who need no pilot over the course, and scorn to ride through a gate which is high enough to be jumped. With them he contrasts the fat uncles who will only jump upon necessity, and the papas who despise short cuts when a detour offers fewer obstacles. "Hi, Lucy, here's a gate!" "All right, papa dear," cries Lucy, riding forty miles an hour at a stupendous fence. "You go through the gate. Crusader and I prefer the fence." A hundred humorous touches bring out the national love of the sport. The first replies to a member of the hunt that the master may or may not be contemplating marriage, but he certainly will not go to the altar till the puppies are over the distemper. The butt and victim of the sportsman is the Cockney Nimrod, whose horse does what it likes with him before disposing of him finally in a ditch or the middle of a hedge; and the gentleman from France, who means well, but finds himself "unable to remain" when the horse "jumps." The Frenchman is shown with more native pluck than the Cockney, who, when there are partridge about, requests the gamekeeper to hold the gun while he pulls the "thingummy," or trigger. It is the Cockney, again, who mistakes the dog for the rabbit, and admits when the error is discovered to him that he has been "shooting at the little beggar all the morning."

The drawings and legends of child-life are always charming. "Punch" has exhausted nearly every phase of child-life; and the youngsters of both sexes who romp through the pages of this aged volume present an infinite variety of character. They flirt, and dance, and are precocious, and say bold things, and eat remorselessly, and are ill after it, and eat again, and discuss problems of life in a manner to give philosophers pause. The ball-room belle, who may have turned seven, is a prime favourite with "Mr. Punch." She is already accomplished in the art of the fan, and has slain hearts in the polka. "I suppose this is your first dance, Miss Flora?" remarks one of her partners. "My first? Oh dear no! I've been to an im-mense number!" "Whom did you dance with last night, dear?" inquires mamma on the following morning. "Really, mamma, I quite forget. I have lost my card." She is aware of what is due to her dignity at a party, and we have her complaining on another occasion, "Mamma, dear, do you know—that

gentleman tickled me without being introduced!" Grandpapa discovers her in a pout one day, and has to smooth her feelings when he learns that she has been invited to a juvenile entertainment in the afternoon, "as if I were a mere child." Contrasted with the little girl who begins at seven or eight to anticipate the social triumphs of two-and-twenty, is the little boy who pronounces the dance an effeminate pastime, fit only "for women and milksops." Consider the following dialogue between paterfamilias, who has danced himself into apoplectic symptoms by 9 P.M., and Hugh, aged eight and a half, who looks on with an expression of fatigue, sliding away into disdain. "Hullo, Hugh my boy, don't you like dancing?" "N-no, sir, n-no." "How's that?" "Don't know; I don't seem to care for balls. Few hunting men do." Hugh, it is proper to add, does his hunting on a pony about the size of a Newfoundland, and when the groom in attendance tries to keep him from jumping a three-foot brook, he replies, "Thanks. You needn't be alarmed; both my horse and myself can swim." Returning to school after the holidays, Hugh has for his *vis-à-vis* in the first-class compartment a severe and portly bishop. Something seems wanting to the bishop's comfort, and his face is clouded. The boy is

ready on the instant with a suggestion which he thinks may meet the case. "If you want to smoke, my lord, don't mind me. I rather like it." When Hugh is at the public school stage, he expands rapidly amid the genial usages of the playground. "Well, my boy, and how are you getting on?" papa asks on the occasion of one of his visits to the school. "Oh, pretty well. There are three fellows I can lick; and Bob here can lick five, including me." We may take leave of him as he appears a few years later, a graceful and athletic undergraduate, with a grown-up collar and a locker of goodish wine, a bottle of which he has fetched out for his father. "Not a bad glass of wine, this," observes the old gentleman. "What do you give for it?" "Oh, sixty, sir, sixty." "And monstrous extravagant! Do you know, sir, I never lay down a dozen of wine that costs me more than six-and-thirty!" "Very proper too, dad. No more should I if I had nine children to provide for."

High life below stairs was a fond theme with "Mr. Punch" at this epoch, when what he called the "servant-gal difficulty," or "servantgalism," sat heavy on his mind. But this is a subject ever with us, and with the mere mention of it we must lay down our old volume of "Punch."



Over the Sea.

OVER the sea, life's wintry sea,
Where the waves are fierce and the storm is strong,
And the hours are dark, and dreary, and long,
And the frosty air strikes chill on the heart,
And love is dying with inward smart,
And faith is weak, and hope's fire burns low,
And friends are cold as the driving snow;
Over the sea we sail each day
To the happy land, far, far away;
Over the sea, life's wintry sea.

Over the sea, life's wintry sea,
There's a beautiful city of golden sheen,
And the glory of God lights up the scene,
And the pains and perils of life are o'er,
And the sighs of the weary are heard no more,
And life is full, and bliss is sure,
And the ways of men are just and pure;
Over the sea we sail each day
To the city of God, far, far away;
Over the sea, life's wintry sea.

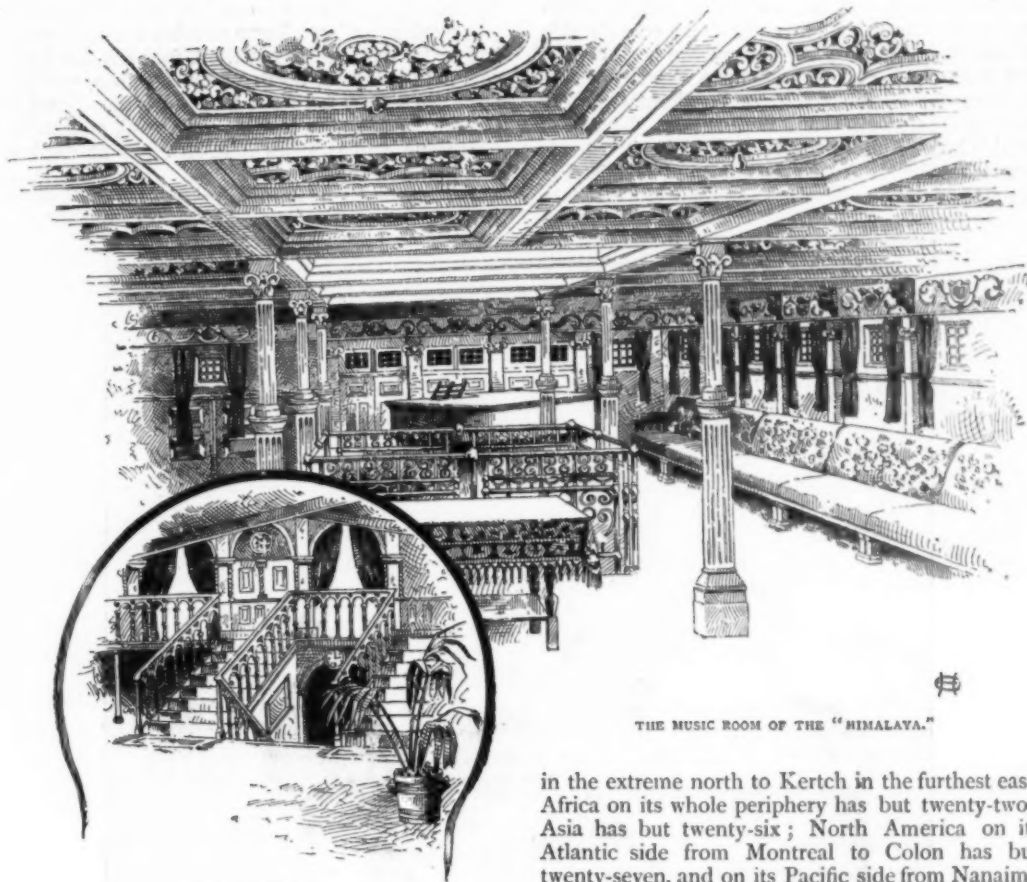
Over the sea, life's wintry sea,
Dim ships, freight-burdened, go sailing along,
Bound for the regions of love and song,
And some are wreck'd on the stormy strand,
And never reach that golden land;
And some with sails full-set from afar,
Anchor safely within the harbour bar;

And evermore it is joy to the soul
That the angry breakers *behind* it roll,
That all the storms of life are past,
And it dwells in the Father's house at last;
Over the sea we sail each day
To the land of rest, far, far away;
Over the sea, life's wintry sea.

WILLIAM COWAN.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD AT SEA.

IX.—THE ARRIVAL.



COMPANION-WAY.

THE MUSIC ROOM OF THE "HIMALAYA."

THE way of the world at sea, in its more restricted sense, is nowhere more clearly shown than on Admiralty chart 1,077, on which the hydrographer has laid down the usual steamship tracks and marked the distances along them. And at this stage we cannot do better than unroll this before us and study it together.

The first thing that strikes us is that the steam roads on the water run to important junctions like the steam roads on the land, where stoppages are necessary for replenishment with fuel. These coaling stations are found all over the world, but they are singularly few considering the extent of its coast-line.

Outside the British Islands there are only some 320 places where 500 tons or more of coal are kept in stock for steamer use, and of these 190 are on the coast of Europe, all the way round from Varde

in the extreme north to Kertch in the furthest east. Africa on its whole periphery has but twenty-two; Asia has but twenty-six; North America on its Atlantic side from Montreal to Colon has but twenty-seven, and on its Pacific side from Nanaimo to Panama only twelve; South America on its Atlantic side from Demerara to Sandy Point in the Straits of Magellan has also but a dozen, and on its Pacific side from Lota up to Callao only eight; Australia, including Thursday Island, has but eight; New Zealand has nine; Tasmania has but one; Japan has seven, including Otteranai, the most northerly station in Asia; the Malay Archipelago, including Manila and Isabella in the Philippines, has twelve; the West Indies have fourteen, of which four are in Cuba; Ceylon has three, Madagascar two. The rest are on islands, mostly those in mid ocean where the ways of the sea divide.

Of the black dots with which we have marked our chart of coast stations, Cardiff is responsible for many, far and wide. Of the twenty million tons and more of coal sent abroad in a year from the United Kingdom, South Wales exports more than half. That this state of affairs will last for ever is

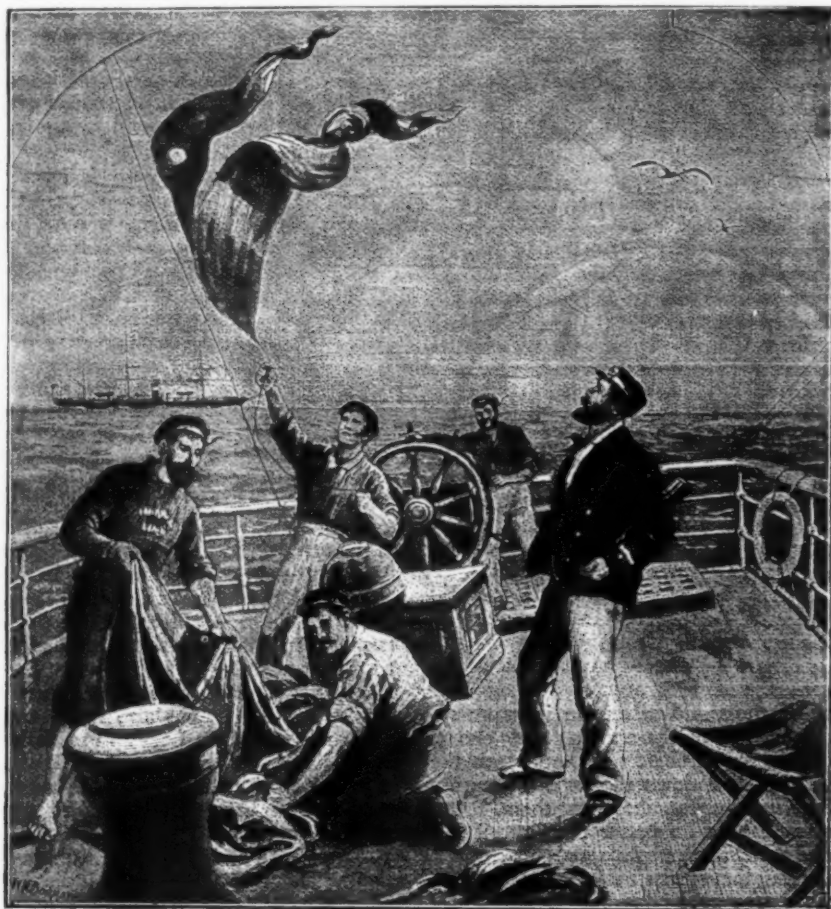
not conceivable. All we can do is to follow the farmer's example and make hay while the sun shines.

Canada has her own coal. On her eastern seaboard, including the St. Lawrence and the great islands off its mouth, there are no fewer than fourteen stations; on her western there are two, Nanaimo and Esquimalt, or rather three if we include Comox, which is the most northerly coal port in America. The United States have their own coal, although their stations are curiously few, being only twenty-two in number, and that on both coasts, to which the coal has as a rule to come from considerable distances. New York is of course the head centre, but even there coal is not cheap, the best being perhaps the semi-bituminous Pocahontas variety used by the Cunarders and White Stars. The seam of this is from ten to twelve feet thick; it extends over three hundred square miles, and is raised at the rate of three million tons a year; but it has to

shorten their land carriage South Wales would lose many of its markets.

New Zealand has her own coal, as she will soon have her own Midland Railway for its cheaper and more profitable distribution; and her coal fields are near the sea. Tasmania has her own coal, and runs it to Hobart. Australia also has her own coal, and, appropriately enough, in New South Wales, at Newcastle, which the cranes and staithes are rapidly transforming into a miniature Cardiff for the supply of the Eastern seas until China gets into working order. Japan also has her own coal, and so for that matter has the Cape; but the Cape coal field is inland, north of Queenstown, and her ports are mainly fed from South Wales. Natal is better off; she also has her own coal, at another Newcastle, and supplies it to steamers at Durban at a guinea a ton.

It is at the island ports, where the main sea roads



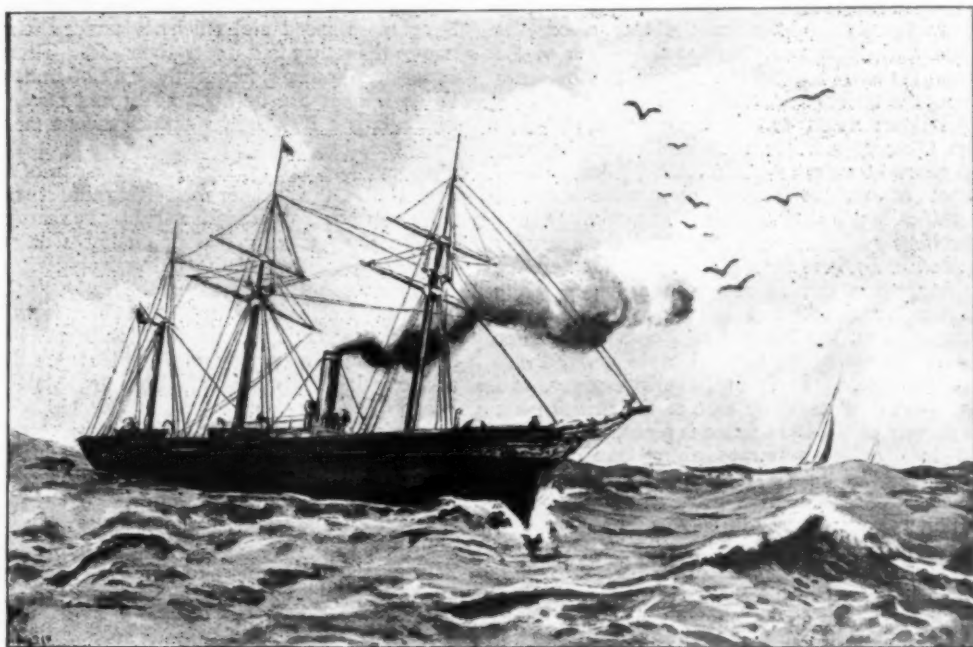
SIGNALLING.

travel four hundred miles before it gets to Norfolk, and thence it has to reach New York. The Americans have the same difficulty to contend with elsewhere. They can look after themselves now on their own continent, but if they could only

join, that the Cardiff collier is most in evidence—at Fayal, Terceira, and San Miguel in the Azores; at Madeira, at Teneriffe, at Grand Canary—where there is a coal company advertising itself in letters thirty feet high on shore, however small they may seem

from the sea ; at St. Vincent in the Cape Verdes, at Ascension and St. Helena, where business is anything but flourishing, owing to their being out of the main line ; at Mauritius, round the Cape, where trade is better, at Mahe in the Seychelles doubtfully, at Diego Garcia in the Chagos more doubtfully, if

have to shape their course to suit the prevailing wind, this is of course inevitable ; but, independent of wind as a steamer may be, she cannot always afford to despise it, nor can she afford to make light of a current. Hence an occasional divergence of the inward and outward roads, as in this instance.



PLEASURE CRAFT.

the station has not been altogether abandoned, at least for a time, and at Perim in the straits of Babelmandeb. If to these we add the Pacific stations at Honolulu in Hawaii, at Tahiti in the Paumotus, at Suva in Fiji, at Apia in Samoa, and at Noumea in New Caledonia, we shall have mentioned all the chief ocean junctions whence the roads branch to the mainland ports.

The longest sea road is that to New Zealand. On this the first stoppage is at Funchal in Madeira, 1,210 nautical miles from Plymouth, where the filling up with fuel occupies about half-a-dozen hours. On the West Indian road the first stoppage is at Fayal in the Azores, 1,260 miles from Plymouth, although some of the boats go through the group more to the eastward of the main island, and do the whole 3,520 miles direct to Barbados. From Fayal the West Indian roads fan out to Demerara direct, which is West Indian for all practical purposes, to Barbados, St. Thomas, and Key West, from which the minor roads radiate to the islands and ports of the Gulf.

The most northerly road of this network is that to Bermuda, although Bermuda is not a West Indian island, nor is it a coaling station of importance. The road is, however, worth noting as being one of those that show that even with steamships the shortest way out is not always the shortest way home. With sailing vessels which

If we came home from Bermuda we should try a shorter and more northerly track ; and if we had been going to Havana, and back by Key West, the divergence would have been even greater, for then we should have gone far to the south of Bermuda outwards, and far to the north of it homewards, in order to save nearly 300 miles. Southwards from Madeira we pass another of the ocean junctions to the east of us in the Canaries ; and yet another further south, to the westward, in the Cape Verdes, from which the roads radiate all over the Atlantic ; St. Vincent being 6,820 miles from New York, 3,950 from Cape Town, 2,690 from Rio, and 2,250 from Plymouth.

And here it may conveniently be noted, that in this fitting in of distances to different ports in all directions, in this linking up in a series of triangles of every point of the world's area, we have proof positive of the accuracy of our determination of the figure of the earth as a globe. There be some who gravely assure us that the world is a disc, floating in an encircling sea, in which the tides are caused by its wobbling therein ; while others assert that it is a basin akin to the crater of a volcano, in which the tides are caused by the bubbling thereof ; but by no possible means can discs or basins, either on the wobble or the bubble, be measured up in complete triangles, of which the lengths of the sides obtained by observation are confirmed not only by

the time spent on the journeys backwards and forwards along them, but by the number of screw revolutions.

Passing the Cape Verdes to our right, we have St. Louis, the most northerly African coal station in the Atlantic, to our left. Between it and Cape Town there are ten more of such stations—Dakar, and Sierra Leone; then Elmina, Lagos, Akassa and Bonny in the Bight, then the Gabon on the Equator, then Banana Creek at the mouth of the Congo, then St. Paul de Loanda, and then low down among the twenties, Port Nolloth.

All down this West Coast we get the colliers from Glamorgan, Monmouth, or Northumberland, and general traders of the so-called "drain pipe" school of marine architecture, more or less scientifically adjusted to their limit mark. We say scientifically advisedly, for it may not be generally known that in these days of living on the uttermost farthing, when owners are even asking why the chain-locker should not be deducted from the gross tonnage, the loading of a ship is a matter of careful calculation, and varies in nearly every port she enters. Look in Lloyd's Register, and you will find that in the case of the British ports the density of the local water is given, because on that density the uttermost-farthing man depends. A cubic foot of fresh water weighs 1,000 ounces, a cubic foot of sea water weighs 1,025 ounces; but at no port on our coast do we get the extremes, though in some places we may approach them. A vessel's draught varies as this density; and, small as it may be, the margin is worth attention. At Aberdeen, for example, where the density is 1,015, a vessel of 20 ft. moulded depth can stand an inch and a half more; and that inch and a half may make all the difference between a profit and a loss, and enable the owner to compete on better terms with the astute foreigner who buys British-built ships second-hand, and, by loading them three or four inches deeper than our law allows us to do, manages to thrive at our expense, until he overdoes the limit, to the sorrow of the underwriters. This is "cutting it fine" of course, and occasionally it leads to confusion; for if a ship be loaded too deeply she will not pass the shoals that lie at the mouth of so many harbours. And as she is thus limited in depth, so is she limited in length and breadth, for she can be too long for many docks and wharves, and if she be too wide there will be troubles in her steering, to say nothing of beam being more expensive to build than draught. Added to which, she can be too long or too wide for sea kindliness, and hence her measurements are practically limited to certain proportions, which at present average seven and a half beams for cargo boats and ten for expresses.

Many of our new cargo boats have not triple engines, but modern compounds, which are essentially triples with the intermediate cylinder left out. In the past the marine engine was worked with steam from sea water, and from sea water a pressure exceeding 35 lb. is impossible; then distillation came in, and we arrived at the old compounds which worked at 50 lb. to the square inch; then with the improvement of the boiler, higher pressures became possible, and our new compounds work

at 150. A goodly number of our successful freighters are boats that have come down in the world. These are old passenger boats bought cheap, for second-hand steamers have sunk quite a quarter in value during the last few years. Most of them have old compounds tripled in the north of England, probably at Hartlepool, "the home of the well-decker," and fitted with new boilers, giving them more speed and efficiency under their new names than they had under their old. These old boats are, however, frequently built of iron, while the new ones are built of steel; and steel, bulk for bulk, is a fifth lighter—which means much in freight matters.

From Plymouth to Cape Town is a run of about 6,000 miles, the steamer road being almost straight from off Cape Palmas, with a slight curve eastwards. At the Cape another half dozen hours or so are occupied in filling up the bunkers preparatory to the seventeen-day run along the early forties to Hobart. North of this route the chart is webbed with tracks radiating from Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Sunda Strait, Koepang, and King George's Sound, and crossing each other at Mauritius, Mahe, and Diego Garcia, the points of a strategic triangle, measuring 1,020 nautical miles along its northern side, 920 along its western, and 1,140 along its base, which leads down to the Cape on the one hand and up to Ceylon on the other. From Mauritius to the Cape is a run of 2,220 miles; from Mauritius to Albany is 3,300 miles; from Mahe to Zanzibar is 1,000 miles, to Aden 1,420 miles, to Bombay 1,760 miles, to Colombo 1,650; from Diego Garcia to Aden is 2,080 miles, to Colombo 940, to Sunda Strait 1,980, to Albany 3,020. If to these we add Aden to Bombay 1,640 miles, to Colombo 2,130; Colombo to Calcutta 1,220, to Rangoon 1,200, to Penang 1,270, to Sunda Strait 1,770, to Albany 3,380; Sunda Strait to Mauritius 2,950, to the Cape 5,200; and our present road of 6,000 from the Cape to Hobart, we shall practically have given the length of every route on this much-crossed Indian Ocean.

In the Pacific there is another triangle on which the roads converge. This has Honolulu at its apex, Tahiti at the east of its base, and Suva at the west, the base measuring 1,830 miles, the western side 2,780, the eastern 2,360. If we add to these Apia just within the triangle, and Noumea just without it, we shall have the five island coal stations at present found sufficient for the trade of this great ocean. Of these Honolulu is by far the most important; it is the very centre of the navigation—6,430 miles from Sandy Point, 3,800 from Auckland, 4,950 from Hong Kong, 3,440 from Yokohama, 2,410 from Vancouver, and 2,080 from San Francisco. Tahiti is not just now in much repute; it was proclaimed a full French possession in 1880, with a view to coming in useful after the opening of the Panama Canal, for which it will probably wait some time longer, until perhaps it has begun to flourish on the Nicaraguan pickings. In the north from Yokohama to Vancouver the Pacific is 4,300 miles across, in the south from Sydney to Valparaiso it measures 7,260; from Valparaiso to Vancouver is 5,910 miles, from Sydney to Yokohama is 4,420; these are its four commercial corners, and it has a

coalfield at each of them, in addition to the Chinese remote reserve and the New Zealand active supply.

Hobart, which is beginning to get its coal from

The usual New Zealand road is, however, to Otago direct, just over a thousand miles, and then up the east coast to the capital, whence, by way of Cape



A WINTER MIDNIGHT.

a local Jerusalem instead of the New South Welsh Newcastle, is 6,600 miles from Aden, and about as far from Wellington as it is from Plymouth to Fayal.

Horn, it is 12,950 miles home, the roadside stations being Rio and Teneriffe. Just round the Horn are the Falkland Islands, where a coaling station

has been established at Stanley, which is destined to be of considerable importance as a British possession, as from it the trade can be fed on both sides of South America.

But, instead of venturing on this long monotonous trip, let us strike northward for 630 miles and take a peep at Port Jackson. On our way we shall probably have the pleasure of saluting a representative of that remarkable nation which has a navy not of defence but defiance, and dip our ensign to that rare bird which skims the waves under the tricolour; for, numerous as are the French warships, it is an astonishing fact that there are not a thousand French-built merchantmen afloat for them to protect, not half as many as have been made in Germany, whose flag is becoming more frequent in these waters, though it is still but a minor feature on the seas, there being double as many American-built ships afloat as there are German, and four times as many British as there are American. And this preponderance is greater even in quality than quantity, for if you add together all the French ships of all tonnages whatsoever over a hundred, you will not get half as many vessels as you could find British steamers of over 2,000 tons.

But comparisons are odious and obvious. Nearing the Heads we may glance again at the Gap to the south of them, and again hear the terrible tale of the wreck of the *Dunbar*, whose captain, on that stormy night some six-and-thirty years ago, mistook it for the entrance; and away there we may distinguish the rocks down which the gallant Ice-lander was lowered to rescue the sole survivor, "not for dis money, but for de feelings of my hear-rt!" And soon the view will be shut out, and we shall be between the Heads, and on our four-mile run across the wonderful harbour to our berth at the wharf; the fleet of busy small craft thickening as we near the city. And if it be Saturday afternoon, all the world hereabouts, with his wife and children, will seem to be afloat in search of a breeze.

The sailing craft on the average will be smarter-looking than we have in home waters, but the cargo boats and small coasters will be much the same as everywhere, though rather more American in cut, and dirtier and more weather-beaten than those that pass the Downs. Here will be our old friends from the Albert Docks and Tilbury, the P. and O. and Orient boats, and one of our new Southampton friends of the ultra-German school; but of them we have had enough—and for many reasons, not the least of which is narrowing space, we may as well, without further ado, betake ourselves northward again for Brisbane. Thence, after a run over a Fiji schooner, to be initiated into the mystery of the stowage of copra and pineapples and bananas, the most delicate of freight to handle, we can be off, north-eastward this time, for Honolulu, the present Alsatia of the sea; and then north-eastward again for Vancouver, for we are on the new route from New South Wales to British Columbia, and are homeward bound by way of the Canadian Pacific.

In New York harbour we find bananas again, this time from the West Indies, in one of the new steamers specially built for the trade. Cocoa-nuts, pineapples, and oranges she carries as well, but for bananas she was built, and twenty thousand

bunches of them she will carry, weighing about nine hundred tons. Her hull is of steel, and she is lined with wood, and the interspace is filled in with charcoal to keep her cool and make her as much like a refrigerator as possible. She has three decks, and these are laid with the planks two inches apart, so that her delicate cargo is practically in a well-ventilated basket, which however must hang clear of the spray, for every drop of salt water makes a black spot on the banana skin. Of these American fruit ships there are about a hundred, nearly all of them, curiously enough, of British or Norwegian nationality; most of them when the tropical fruit season is over crossing the Atlantic to Europe laden with grain.

The fruit schooner of the past has gone, like the tea-clipper, after a vain struggle with steam; and both in Europe and America the cargoes are becoming gigantic for such perishable goods, and the distances they travel are enormous. Every market day consignments from distant ports follow each other without a break to Covent Garden. Lisbon grapes, Tasmanian apples, Canary bananas, Malta potatoes, and so on—and not only are the fruit and vegetables coming in, but they are going out. Scotch potatoes are now exported to New York from Dundee, 1,800 tons of them in one cargo alone; and, stranger than all, ten tons of forced rhubarb were last winter sent to the United States from Leeds, to fetch good prices as being the earliest to reach the market, notwithstanding the range of temperature America commands.

New York is the main port of America, and there is no finer sight in the world than its harbour presents at night, with the lights gleaming and flitting about it. In these days electricity is making great progress on shipboard. Gas was tried and failed. The White Star liner *Adriatic* had a regular gas works fitted on board her in 1872, as did the *Celtic* next year; but in these instances, as with the *Devastation*, the first of the Queen's ships to be fitted with gas, the pipes leaked in a sea way, and the result was a particularly odorous failure; and mineral oil had a new lease of life, to be replaced of late by the incandescent light. To say nothing of electro-plating our hulls by painting them with wire brushes coupled up to a dynamo, we use electricity in our side lights as well as in our search lights, we signal from our mast-heads by flash lights, and even light up our gun sights by tiny incandescents, besides wrapping our lamps in flannel and using them as poultices, and even tentatively cooking by the same natty maid-of-all-work, that, unlike other maids, is within perfect control, and can be turned off at a moment's notice.

As we cross the Atlantic homewards another kind of light grows familiar, which will also doubtless soon become electric. This is the night signal with which we greet the boats we overtake, and which is much of the nature of fireworks, being produced by different combinations of Roman candles, coloured fires, and other pyrotechnic devices. Of some particular combination each company is by courtesy granted the sole proprietorship, and its ships are as readily distinguished by it in the dark as they are by the funnel and the flag in the daylight. Pass a White Star liner, for instance, and

you know her by her two green lights ; pass a Cunarder, and you know her by her blue light and two Roman candles, each throwing six blue balls ; pass a Dominion liner, and you know her by her Roman candle throwing six red stars ; pass a Beaver, and you know her by her three green lights ; pass a Guion, and you know her by her three blue lights in a row ; pass an Allan, and you know her by her three blue lights in a triangle.

But the Bull, Cow, and Calf, of Irish extraction, are now as much things of the past to us as the mammoth elephant of Coney Island. We have slipped by the Fastnet, and been telegraphed from Brow Head, and, hand over hand, are passing the last representative vessel we are not too weary to notice. She seems to have come out of a glass case into the sunshine, and is a handsome stylish craft of over four hundred tons, flying the burgee of the Ocean Yacht Club, much like the Squadron's, but with a ripple of blue through it which shows that the owner must have at least accomplished a cruise of a thousand miles or more. There are only between seventy and eighty of these big steam yachts to be met with, and many of them are under foreign flags—mostly French and American ; while of yachts between three hundred and four hundred tons there are only fifty-eight, three of them being sailing vessels. Like their bigger sisters, they mark

the millionaire whose money is at least easily spent, if it was not easily made.

At the same time many of us feel a difficulty in recognising these highly superior steam toys as satisfactory yachts. One's notion of a yacht is a fore-and-after, of no particular size perhaps, but preferably small. Away on the bow, with their white sails showing up under the headland, are two such boats, which are far more representative of the fleet of 3,300 under the British flag that form the greater half of the yachts of the world, whether on sea, lake, or river, more than two-thirds of the rest being under the Stars and Stripes. For it is with the craft of pleasure as it is with those of trade and of war, or rather of police to keep the peace—which to some may appear to be a distinction without a difference, though the difference is yearly becoming more real, and will eventually be generally recognised.

Of the police of the sea we have already said much, and may have to say more. But the thrill of the screws is lessening, and a small white bundle is speeding aloft among the scanty rigging. With a jerk it is broken, and there flutters in the wind the white-edged Union Jack ; and that is the signal for the pilot which will soon be replaced by the white over red horizontal under which we began.

W. J. GORDON.



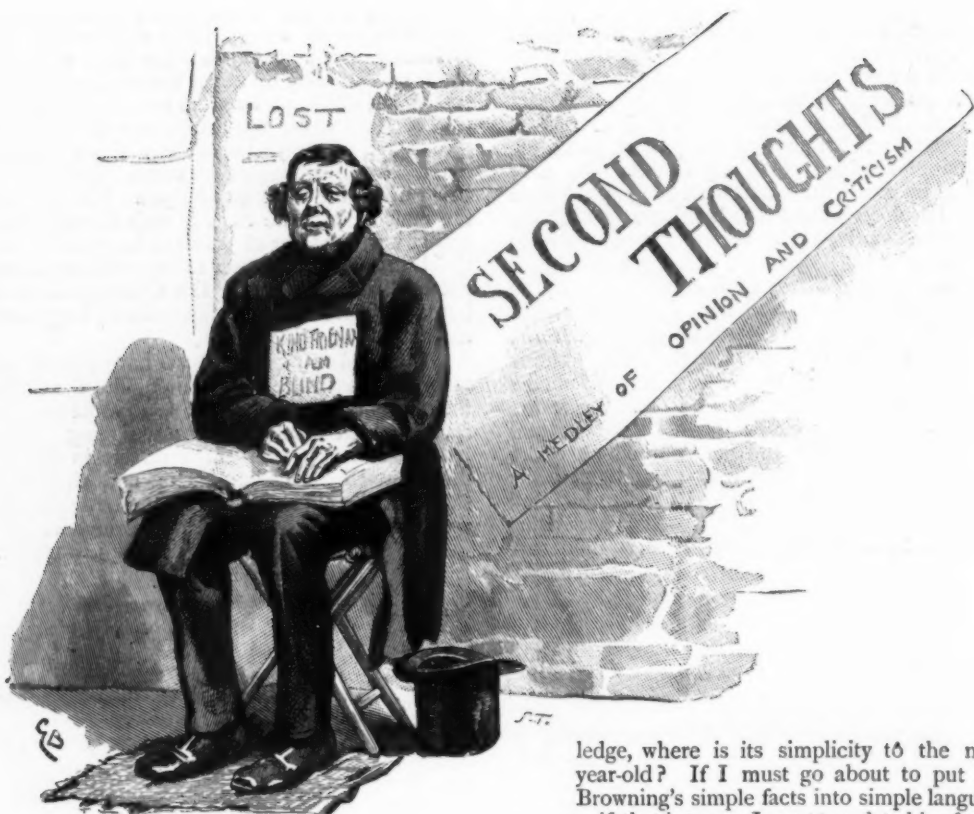
*Is waiting for the
Outward Bound.*

Granny's Good-night.

DARLING, my daytime is over and done with,
Shades of its evening fall dark on my brow ;
Bright were the joy and the hope 'twas begun with,
Sweet is the peace that is closing it now.
Still the lark's hymn to the morning thou hearest,
Still thou canst brush the fresh dew from the lawn ;
Which dost thou think is the happier, Dearest—
I in the sunset, or thou in the dawn ?

Darling, I look for a brighter to-morrow,
So do not pity but bid me Good-night.
Thou hast to walk through the valley of sorrow,
I have to soar to the City of Light.
When thou art tasting the cup that thou fearest,
When I have seen the dark Curtain withdrawn—
Which dost thou think will be happier, Dearest—
Thou in the sunset, or I in the dawn ?

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.



School-books
for Children.

There is still much room for improvement in this kind of writing. To take two subjects only, history and geography. How far one has to seek for the ideal child's book on either—accuracy without pedantry, fulness without redundancy, clearness and simplicity of presentation without complexity or puerility of style. Wanting to introduce a little lady of nine to the history of her country, I bought an "historical reader" in several small volumes, by that distinguished gentleman, Mr. Oscar Browning. But my pupil hasn't taken to Mr. Browning at all. We are always coming upon a sentence like this: "With strong natural sense, and rare force of will, he found himself, when first his mind began to open, a fatherless and motherless child, the chief of a great, but depressed and disheartened party, and the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of the oligarchy then supreme in the United Provinces." Now I could make no possible objection to that sentence, except that it is absolutely devoid of meaning to a very young scholar. But it is for very young scholars that Mr. Browning's book is written. He tells me in his preface that he has "aimed rather at simplicity of subject and treatment than at using elementary language." But if your simple subject is treated in terms of advanced literary know-

ledge, where is its simplicity to the nine-year-old? If I must go about to put Mr. Browning's simple facts into simple language—if, that is to say, I must translate him for the

benefit of my pupil—of what possible use is he to either of us? The bald facts and figures of history I can get from Mr. Dryasdust or a more interesting historian. But I expect the "professor of the young person," when he professedly writes for the young person, to give me the facts in terms which can be at once comprehended by the nine-year-old intellect. This, in a word, is his business.—H.

Literature and
Morality.

One of the most foolish opinions of the day, an opinion frequently advocated, is that literature does not recognise morality, and must be judged apart from it. As well might it be said that there is no connection between conduct and character. To be consistent, men who deny this responsibility in literature should deny it also in life, for why should an author be free to write what he will if he is not free to act as he will? For a book worthy of the name represents all that is best and truest in its author. It will be pure if he is pure, honest in purpose if he is true to his convictions. If the apparel, as Shakespeare says, oft proclaims the man, still more truly do his written words. It is true that the inculcation of morality is not the direct purpose of literature. A poet does not sing a lovely song in order to point a moral; but in the

noblest works of imagination, the worthiest writers are those who acknowledge the sway of conscience, and will not dare to utter anything that is base. Art doubtless has its own laws to which the artist must do fealty, but whether he uses brush or pen he is under the same moral life as his less gifted brethren, and genius, if he possesses it, increases instead of lessening his responsibility.—J. D.

A Poplar
Tree.

A poplar with the sun shining on it, and the white of its leaves turning in the summer breeze, till the tree looks like the white of distant sea-foam sparkling in the sunshine; and the noise of its quick, quivering leaves sounds in my ears like fast following waves at low tide.—H. B. M. B.

The Use of
Strength.

The world wants its strong men—mentally or morally—to help it to lift its burdens, not merely to stand on their heads for its amusement. Mere gymnasts, in any department, are not a very honourable or valuable race. Neither are they long-lived.—I. F. M.

Liberty.

Liberty includes the right to surrender as well as the right to take; and there are in our present society things which often make an impossibility of the right to surrender, and a sin of the right to take.

Every member of a state should have liberty to share in its duties, *i.e.* to do his duties as a citizen, and to share in its pleasures, so far as he is not excluded by age, health, or temperament. At present the existence of extremes of poverty and riches cripples individual liberty to an absolutely unrealised extent. The poor man cannot use liberty, the rich man dare not. The rich man who loves finds his liberty immensely curtailed. He spends with fear and trembling, for he runs the risk, if he give largely to the poor, of hopelessly pauperising them; and he runs the risk, too, of blunting his moral touch by calling that the highest and best which is only a compromise, or of crushing part of his nature by asceticism.

In an ideal state of society life would be free from the restraints artificially imposed upon it, on the one side by the temptation to heap up riches, and on the other side by the fear of being destitute. In a thoroughly healthy society there must be room for development of powers all round.—E. H. H.

The Word
"National."

The adjective "national" is a sadly misused one. It properly means "that which pertains to a nation in its corporate capacity." That which belongs to individual members of a nation, be they never so numerous, cannot correctly be termed "national." This is evident, yet even educated persons will, *e.g.*, speak of drunkenness as "our national sin," because it is

so sadly prevalent amongst individuals. It could not properly be so described unless the nation passed laws enforcing inebriation! The evil of such mistaken use of words is well illustrated here. In regarding and speaking of individual sins as national ones, we completely obscure the fact that there is such a thing as "national sin"—sin which the nation, as such, commits and will be called to account for. An iniquitous war, the rejection of a just measure, the adoption of an oppressive policy—such are really national sins, the responsibility of which each individual member of the nation must share in the precise proportion of his powers of influence, direct and indirect, and of his mode of using that influence, for or against the wrongful measure.

Conversely, there is such a thing as "national nobleness" (we recognise this side of the question far more frequently, by the way). Public money voted for slave emancipation, just and wise rule enforced where anarchy would otherwise prevail, oppression relieved by merciful legislation—such are national good works, the reward of which every individual will share in his due degree.—E. M. Y.

Uncharitable
"Charity."

There is often a singular uncharitableness in the imputation of "want of charity." When we see others in difficulties, in sore dilemmas, perhaps in some of the great renunciations or crucifixions of life, some of the shallower minds among us are apt to pour out a gush of sentiment about "if there had been a little more patience," "a little more courage," "a little more of hoping for the best." It never occurs to such people that there may be a patience far more enduring, a courage far more spirited, a faith far more aspiring, than was revealed to their eyes, or was perhaps possible to their comprehension! The uncharitable "charitable," aiming at the cheap virtue of seeing some good buried beneath palpable evil, cannot rise to believe in greater goodness, possibly heroic goodness, hidden beneath sincerity and earnestness. That is where they suspect evil!—I. F. M.

The two sides
of Forgiveness.

There is something peculiarly ungracious in exhorting others to forgive wrongs inflicted on them, unless we are also doing everything we can to remove those wrongs. It is often so much easier to preach to the wronged sermons on forgiveness than to inculcate lessons of repentance and reparation on the wrong-doer! But in Christian ethics, side by side with lessons of forgiveness and patience, are other lessons on the duty of doing justice and showing pitifulness. The primal Christian duty is to forgive and endure the wrongs done to ourselves, but probably the very antithesis to this form of forgiveness is that easy ignoring of wrongs done to others, which might seem to arise from mere thickness of skin, but that it is often found keenly sensitive to the least pin-prick on itself! Then there is no more talk of forgiveness! Some people seem to

expect boundless forgiveness to come towards them, but never any to go from them.—I. F. M.

The Music of Words.

It has generally been supposed, and not without good reason, that the strength and flexibility of the English language, and the advantages it affords in the combination of Teutonic and Latin derivatives, make it an instrument singularly well adapted for purposes of poetry. Recently, however, it was stated in a journal of high character that it is less musical than German, and breaks down in the three elements of music—rhythm, melody, and harmony. To compare two languages with regard to poetry, the highest and most difficult of the arts, not only requires a perfect mastery of both, but also the familiarity that may be said to come from atmosphere and association. The music of Goethe's and Heine's lyrics cannot be conveyed in a translation, and perhaps the fulness of its charm generally fails to reach the ear of a foreigner. The attempt to weigh in the scales of criticism the musical value of German and English would be a folly, at least on the part of the present writer, but the tongue that Shakespeare spake an Englishman can judge of, and I may assert fearlessly that the "three elements of music," as combined in Milton, have never had a more illustrious master; that Shakespeare has proved beyond controversy the range and richness of a language never to be found lacking as the servant of his genius; and that poets like Spenser and Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, and Tennyson have carried the music of words to a perfection which must satisfy the most sensitive lover of sweet sounds. Much more might be said on a subject so comprehensive, but I will only add that the music of the English language is to be heard also in the greatest of our prose writers,—in Hooker and Milton, and Jeremy Taylor and Ruskin, and above all in the authorised version of the Holy Bible.—J. D.

True Marriage.

That bit of human nature, in the presence of whom peace comes down, and the weakened will gathers strength and hope to do more worthily the work appointed to be done, and to live more nearly faithful to the truth clearly seen.—H. B. M. B.

Cheap Clothing.

It is many years now since Hood's "Song of the Shirt" brought home to not a few a great wrong which they had countenanced, if not actively, at least tacitly. And still the cry of the underpaid worker goes up, a cry unknown of those who have not opened their ears. There is always a difficulty in realising what we do not see. *We* may not underpay workers; *we* might be shocked at offering an unfair price to a sempstress whom we knew, and who came into direct relation with us; and yet how many of us unthinkingly help to underpay, by purchasing goods made at a price which must mean at least semi-starvation of body and mind to those whom we call brethren! Whatever may be said of the laws

of supply and demand, we are bound to reply that no political economy can be worth anything which ignores the moral side of things, and that no morality is worth anything which ignores the law of love. The law of love absolutely forbids the preying of the stronger upon the weaker, for love is the secret of justice itself.

I wish to point out one special way in which we may combat injustice, and that is by refusing to buy ready-made garments at prices which an ordinary knowledge of customary value shows to be such as could not possibly allow for a fair price having been given to the women who have made them. Of course, injustice to many who have been concerned in their production is involved, but here I am speaking only of the needlewomen. Ready-made garments bought at sales are in a different category; those low prices are accounted for by laws which do not here apply. Let us all, when tempted to buy clothing at low prices, pause to consider—first, the usual price of the materials; secondly, the fair wage of a sempstress for an amount of time which most women can at least roughly calculate; and thirdly, the profit which the tradesman selling the article may expect to make.

There are societies being formed day after day for all kinds of philanthropic objects. There is even one "for promoting the brotherhood of man," or some such title. What do we want but to realise our membership of the great human family, with God its Father? But let each one of us realise himself or herself the member of the great society, whose law, if undenied, is yet terribly disobeyed, even the law of love, and then what cruelty and injustice can remain? And let each of us refuse to ask¹ for goods, the production of which, to our knowledge, must involve cruelty and injustice. We can do without them, but we cannot do without the essentials, righteousness and peace.—E. H. H.

The Unseen Guidance.

It may be that you are climbing blindly with no height in sight, climbing day by day because you must, because a compelling force over which you have little or no control drives you. Nature has her own work to complete by you, which she will carry out whether you be conscious of it or no. For know that in you lies concentrated the knowledge acquired by your limitless past. This wisdom, gathered from generations upon generations of ancestors, is working in you according to natural law, although you may understand but little of it—as little of it as you understand the rush of spring life through the network of a great tree's structure. Yes, the heaped up treasures of the long long ages is guiding you, and will carry you on—all unconscious of the where though you may be—to unseen heights beyond your limited knowledge and vision. And if you be wise you will work with and develop this voice of God within your own soul.

H. B. M. B.

¹ I say ask for, because it is frequently the demand that creates the supply. Only to-day a tradesman to whom I was speaking on the subject said to me, "It's the fault of the public. They will demand these cheap things, and we must supply them."

QUIET CORNERS IN OXFORD.

ST. JOHN'S LIBRARY.

THERE is perhaps no corner in Oxford so quiet, so calm, so undisturbed as a college library.

Here you may indeed discover, half-buried in folios, some solitary student crouching over lore. But beyond the occasional turning of his leaves or creaking of his chair with some slight movement, the silence is absolutely unbroken. All around us rise, shelf upon shelf, the well-kept collection of centuries—quaint old tomes in divers curious bindings, huge parchment or calf-covered volumes. Below, on a writing desk, lie scattered a few numbers of some learned periodical in which this college has interest, and which it consequently takes. A subdued light falls in from beautiful mullioned windows, half obscured by patchwork of mellow coloured glass. Up at the far end, where the room seems to widen (this effect being however merely produced by the cessation of the horizontally placed bookshelves), stand glass cases in which are preserved choice college treasures secured under lock and key. The atmosphere is charged with that peculiarly soothing odour which is the produce of ancient and imprisoned books—a blending of their vellums, parchments, bindings, inks—the odour of learning.

The library of St. John's College may be taken as typical of its kind. It has all the distinguishing features which we have just noted. It has besides an historical interest of its own, and relics so unique and precious that it seems well in the present instance to choose it for an example of Oxford college libraries, and to spend some little time in a thorough examination of it.

To reach the library the outer or earlier quadrangle of St. John's College must be crossed. This at once takes us back to the formation of the college. We know that St. John's embodies the more ancient foundations of Gloucester College, of the order of the Benedictines, thirteenth century, and "Barnard Colledge," of the order of Cistercians. This latter foundation, says Leonard Hutton,¹ in his "Antiquities of Oxford," "was erected by Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the daies of King Henery the Sixt (before he began his other Colledge of All Souls) Anno Domini 1438. This building, likewise, having three sides, after the common Suppression, fully standing, was by King Henery the Eight given unto Christ Church, and of the Deane and Cannons there, Sir Thomas White, Knight and Alderman of London, did, in the Raigne of Queene Mary, purchase it and the Grove. . . After having been privately let on its suppression (1541) and then appointed as 'bishop's pallace,' Gloucester Coll. falling during the vacancy of the see into neglect was also bought by Sir Thomas White and incorporated into his college." By a vaulted passage, under the president's lodgings, we pass into the inner

Quad, built by Laud, and generally attributed to Inigo Jones. The would-be classic arcades and columns of this handsome Quad are certainly in his style, but very different is the further side of the building. Speaking of this picturesque pile of discoloured stone and abutting windows, warmed by lichens and creepers of every hue, Mr. Lang calls it "perhaps the most lovely thing in Oxford. From the gardens," he says, "Laud's building looks rather like a country-house than a college," and this simile exactly describes the quiet, solid beauty of St. John's garden-front.

Our business is not however to dally in the gardens which perpetuate the ancient Grove bought by Sir Thomas White for his "colledge." Immediately on entering Laud's quadrangle we strike off to the right, and going under an archway mount a short stair with iron balustrade.

We now find ourselves in a small gallery, made famous by Laud for the musical reception which a choir here placed by him gave to the King and Queen on the occasion of an august visit paid by them in 1636. "When they were come to S. John's they first viewed the new building," writes the archbishop, "and that done I attended them up to the library stairs, where as soon as I began to ascend the music began, and they had a fine short song fitted for them as they ascended the stairs." The part of the library on which they, as we now, entered is its oldest portion. Of it we read that "S. John Baptist Colledge translated the Stone and Timber" of the old royal "Palace or Habitation in Oxford, called the Beaumonts, for the building of their Library, in the year of the Raigne of Queene Elizabeth (1596) and of our Lord," naturally with the royal sanction. A Wood laments that a place "formerly famous in several respects, viz. for the bringing forth and entertaining of princes," should now have "become a desolate and rude place. There where many have highly merited in learning, doe now brute beasts feed; there where hath stood a stately hall, are now ruinous hillocks remaining. However, so it is, that though it be exceedingly lessened and lodged in obscurity, yet have the ruins a reverent respect and doe instruct the pensive beholder with an exemplary frailty."² As King Charles also helped Laud with two hundred tons of wood from the royal forests of Stow and Shotover (now, alas! no more) for his building, it seems only natural that the college should have been among the most staunch and loyal of allies in the troublous times to follow.

The old part of the library stretches before us, ending in one of the mullioned windows of the garden-front, in the painted glass of which we catch the likeness of that sober Knight and Alderman, Thomas White, the founder, and the date 1555.

¹ Leonard Hutton, born circa 1560, died 1632.

² Wood's "City of Oxford," ed. Clark, vol. ii. p. 431-2.

From the University Register for 1566,¹ however, we learn that it was not till ten years later that all formal steps were properly concluded. "The President and Scholars of S. John's attested Jan. 1566 $\frac{1}{2}$ to form a college and to have all the privileges of other colleges." On each side of us horizontally placed bookshelves, some ten feet apart, form little recesses where the student may sit to work, and all are furnished with hinged writing desks which can be folded up. These bookshelf walls, so to speak, have the double advantage of double book accommodation, as each side can be, and is, used for book room. This dim and venerable room is not without its awfulness. On stormy winter nights strange sounds are heard here. They are well known to proceed from Charles I and Laud, who, up and down, between the books, are playing bowls with their own heads.

In the open space where the book-shelves cease, this side the window, stand the glass cases which contain some of the college treasures. Here is stored an incomparable "Canterbury Tales," with coloured wood-cuts, bound up together with the "Quatuor Sermones"—all by Caxton. The vivid type is fresh as on the day it appeared. After each "Tale" and between each "Sermon" Caxton has inserted one of his own quaint and pious prayers. A "Bestiarium" brilliant with gold-leaf and minute illuminations next catches our eye. And here is an original Prayer Book of Edward VI, beginning public devotions, as seems fit, with the Lord's Prayer, printed by Whitchurch in 1549. In another compartment lies a huge Bible, Wickliffe's own manuscript. Just above the first chapter of Genesis some old librarian, anxious to call attention to his treasure but not careful of defacing it, has scribbled in, "The translation of the Bible in Englishe by Master John Wickliffe in the time of King Edward the third."

Our attention is next called to some marvels of binding, also kept under lock and key. Here are specimens of Grolier, of Stephanos, and here is a bit of dainty Gascon work, the polished morocco covers mosaicked in different hues, and bearing intricate designs traced in gold. The leaves of this book are painted to exactly imitate the binding. And here is an *Εἰκὼν βασιλική*—"The Pourtraiture of His Sacred Majestie in His Solitudes and Sufferings," the fly-leaf of which finishes up with a pious reference to Romans viii, "more than Conqueror," and which has curious woodcuts, the first of which represents His Sacred Majestie Charles I, looking exceedingly depressed, and with the broad coarse nose of his early likenesses. Yet another relic of the suffering King is a faint old portrait, over which is written in a hand so minute as not to be noticeable, a large portion of the book of Psalms. Commenting on this in his contribution to Mr. Clark's "Colleges of Oxford," Mr. Hutton tells the following tale: "Tradition has it that when the 'merry monarch' visited Oxford he asked for this eccentric piece of work, and that when, on leaving, in recognition of his loyal welcome, he offered to give the Fellows anything they should ask, they declared that no gift could be so precious as the restoration

to them of the portrait of his father. The story," adds the chronicler, "true or not, could only be told of a college which was famous as the home of devoted loyalty to the Stuarts." The portrait is still to be seen on the wall of the old library.

We have now to turn our attention to Laud's wing, which as we neared the window of the old library came into view, running along at right angles to the original building. It was here that Laud spread his splendid banquet on the occasion of the royal visit which we have before noticed. At this entertainment "the baked meats were so contrived by the cook, that there was first the forms of archbishops, then bishops, doctors, etc., seen in order, wherein the King and courtiers took much content." These inventions must have been a speciality of the college. For when in 1661 the Chancellor of the University, Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, visited Oxford, he was entertained at dinner at St. John's, "where the cloth and napkins was laid with great variety of works in them, and knots of flowers upon them, soe done by Mr. Thomas Banks . . . for which he received . . . five pounds for his paines."

The roof in Laud's wing is very handsome, the beams being ornamented with carven angels, which have once been gilded. There is also plenty of accommodation for literature to come, and here are guarded the principal Laudian treasures. Here is a metal bust of the primate, tarnished and shabby-looking; a window just beyond this effigy bears his multifarious arms and quarterings. Under a tall glass case, spread out on a sort of "dolly," is Laud's magnificent cope. It is of dark purple velvet, of a long and close pile, and is elaborately embroidered in gold and colours. The border of the vestment has a design, very highly raised in gold work, representing various apostles and saints. The whole thing is stiff with real gold thread, from under which the quaintly coloured linen border, which finishes its mounting, depends. Near this relic is a curious mound of needlework, not unlike in size and shape to a baby's grave, but said to be a pulpit cushion. It bears in embroidery what may be taken to represent the signs of the zodiac, and the private and particular moral virtues.

But there are yet further Laudian treasures to be inspected. This whole wing, indeed, testifies of him. Here at the far end is an ingenious oaken press, which holds on wide narrow trays a goodly assortment of what are reputed to be the archbishop's vestments. Here are the orfrees of a chasuble and cope, dating from the time of Henry VII or Henry VIII, and here again is a whole set, including a dalmatic, of the same date. These are of beautiful brocade, once white, but now almost biscuit-coloured from age. A chaste design is worked in floss silks of dull pink, green, and gold. The dalmatic has a central panel of deep crimson velvet or plush (the material is really a cross between our modern fabrics), and here some curious blue is used in the embroidery. Little gold beads finish the design, and the whole is bordered with a quaint short parti-coloured linen fringe, in its turn the finishing of the usual coarse bluish linen, on

¹ Collated by Rev. C. W. Boase, M.A., Ex. Coll.

which the whole is mounted. Of these vestments it is said that until lately they tossed unheeded in the attics of the President's lodgings, furnishing choice snippets for fancy-work and being subjected to much frivolous desecration.

The same cannot be said for the archbishop's fez-shaped skull-cap of crimson cloth. From it the pious have cut off so many "relics" that it is only in parts that its original height can be seen. It is now protected by a glass case. The same decent entombment is afforded to his pastoral staff of carven wood, the which is flanked by a most melancholy relic: the ebony stick, with discoloured ivory knob, on which the archbishop leaned when he walked to the scaffold. Here too are his beautifully written diaries (one kept in prison), his chair, and his library-catalogue. Of the last two a characteristic tale is told. Until lately a further well-authenticated proof that Laud haunted his dearly loved building was widely testified. On entering the library any one could clearly see the leaves of the catalogue being turned over by some unseen hand, and as it reposed near the archbishop's chair, it was evident that he himself was fingering the book over which in life he had spent so much time. A modern spirited investigator, determined to sift the truth of this "ghost story," himself witnessed the phenomenon. But his search, pressed further, discovered the fact that one of the small crystals used for keeping the book open by weighting back the leaves, was missing, and that the pages seemed therefore to be turned over whenever the draught of the opening door disturbed them.

Just behind Laud's skull-cap we see a cannon-ball, shot by the Parliamentary troops into the college tower in 1644. Those were evil days for the university generally, and this loyal college in particular. To save the college plate, which Charles, addressing the president and fellows as "trusty and well-beloved," demanded for the "payment of our army raised for our defence and the preservation of the kingdom," a large sum of money was first voted. But finally the beautiful old silver shared the same fate as that of other colleges, and was melted down.

But with the Restoration the whole aspect of affairs again changed. Laud's last wish was carried out, and secretly and at night his body was brought from London and laid in its final resting-place by

the altar in St. John's College Chapel. We cannot do better than transcribe a Wood's own words.¹

"Jan. 10, 1644 (i.e. 3), William Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, was beheaded and his body afterwards being layd in a leaden coffin was buried at Allhallowes Barking, by the Tower of London. After the restauration of King Charles II, the president and fellows of S. John's College, Oxon, consulting to have his body removed to that college, because he had bin soe great a benefactor, resolved on the business after the sepulture there of Archbishop Juxon, and that with convenience and privacy. The day then, or rather night, being appointed wherein he should come to Oxon, most of the fellows, about 16 or 20 in number, went to meet him towards Whateley; and after they had met him about seven of the clock on Friday, July 24, 1663, they came into Oxon at ten at night, with the said number before him, and his corps (laying in a hors litter on four wheels drawn by four horses) following, and a coach after that. In the same manner they went up to S. Marie's church; then up Cat street; then to the back door of S. John's Grove, where taking the coffin out, conveyed to the chappell: and when Mr. Gisbey, fellow of that house and vice-president, had spoke a speech, they laid him, inclosed in a wooden coffin, in a little vault at the upper end of the chancell between the founder's and archbishop Juxon's. The next day following they hung up 7 streamers."

Already in 1660 order and discipline had been resumed in the college services. St. John's, together with Christ Church, New, and Magdalen, restored their organ, "together with the singing of prayers after the most antient way: to which places the resort of people ('more out of novelty,' adds the sceptical à Wood) was infinitely great."

Later on the college is described as a "nest of Jacobites," and Mr. Hutton tells us that "almost within living memory the fellows of S. John's in their common-room toasted the King "over the water." Of this same common-room we may say that, built in Charles II's reign, it was the first in an Oxford College for use by the fellows in common. The example then set by S. John's has been followed so heartily that there is now scarcely a college which does not boast its junior as well as its senior common-room.

E. EDERSHEIM OVERTON.

¹ Wood's "Life and Times," edited by Rev. A. Clark, p. 485

AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY OF THE DAYS OF KING JAMES THE FIRST.

TWO hundred and sixty-eight years ago appeared a small book, which has proved the parent of a gigantic offspring. It was a modest little volume, hardly too large for your waistcoat pocket, and bore on its title-page the following legend:—"The English Dictionarie, or an Interpreter of hard English words: enabling, as well Ladies and

Gentlewomen, young Schollers, Clarkes, Merchants, as also Strangers of any Nation, to the understanding of the more difficult Authors already printed in our Language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue both in reading, speaking, and writing."

The author who entertained this benevolent and

ambitious design styles himself "H. C. Gent.," i.e. "Henry Cockeram, Gentleman." Readers of the "Leisure Hour" will have seen in a previous number of this magazine an account of the rise and progress of the latest of the descendants of this little work—we allude to the New English Dictionary now in course of compilation. To the curious in the use and treatment of words, a short account of this lexicographical progenitor may perhaps not fail in interest.

The worthy Cockeram divided his book into three parts. The first part consists of a list of the less common words in use at the time, and gives brief explanations. Some of these, as might be supposed, are pretty quaint. For example, "*Athletick science*, The wrestling science: *Baptist*, A washer: *Balasse* [=Ballast], Gravell, or any thing of waight layd in the bottome of shippes to make them goe upright: *Hereticke*, He which maketh choice of himselfe what poynts of Religion he will beleewe, and what hee will not [a very complimentary description!]: *Lunacie*, A disease, when at certaine times of the Moone one is distracted in his wits: *Mythologie*, An exposition of Poets riddles: *Necromancy*, Divination by calling up Devils, or dead mens ghosts." Occasionally the worthy author's religious views assert themselves, as when he defines *Oracle* to be "an answer or counsell given by God: among the Gentiles, they were illusions of the Devill."

In the second part of his little work the compiler gives a list of the commoner words and expressions, attaching to them a corresponding rarer, and, what he would call, "more refined and elegant" term. For instance, if the reader wishes to know what to call "the Art of well-speaking," he is told to call it "Rhetoricke." For "build" he may say "fabricate;" "brotherly love" may be expressed by "fraternity," "burial" by "sepulture," and so forth. In fact this portion of the book is simply the converse of the first.

The most curious feature in the work, however, is the third part. This part is of the nature of a small encyclopedia. Various animals are described, and brief accounts are given of a number of personages, mythical and historical, whose names the author's patrons are expected to meet with in their reading. The wild and weird notions of the time on matters scientific are abundantly illustrated in these pages, and really entertaining reading, of a sort, is here furnished. The modern reader may be excused a smile when he peruses some of the extraordinary statements which are here set forth.

Here is the description of a crocodile—"a Beast hatched of an Egge, yet some of them grow to a great bignes, as 10, 20, or 30 foot in length: it hath cruell teeth and scaly backe, with very sharpe claws on his feete: if it see a man afraid of him, it will eagerly pursue him, but on the contrary, if hee be assaulted, hee will shun him. Having eaten the body of a man, it will weepe over the head, but in fine eate the head also: thence came

the Proverbe, he shed Crocodile teares, viz. fained teares."

The lynx is described as "a spotted beast" that "hath a most perfect sight, in so much as it is said, that it can see thorow a wall."

The salamander, of course, "lives in the fire," but we are also informed that "by his extreme cold" he puts it out—a notable fire-extinguisher, forsooth! But what becomes of the animal upon the destruction of its native element? We should imagine it is "put out" too, and literally "catches its death of cold."

One is invited to marvel at the voracity of the ostrich that "will swallow down a piece of Iron halfe as bigge as a horseshooe"—at the maternal devotion of the pelican, "who wanting foode, feedes her young with her own blood"—and the filial piety of the stork, which is "a famous bird for natural love to his parents, whom he feedeth being old and feeble, as they fed him being young."

Of fishes several astonishing things are said. The barbel is "a fish that will not meddle with the bait, until with her tail she have unhooked it from the hook." We wonder whether any of our modern piscators have met with such a clever creature. The most wonderful fish in the list appears to be the "scolopendra," which, "feeling himself taken with the hook, casteth out his bowels, and then having loosed the hook swalloweth them again." It is evidently time lost to fish for him!

Marvellous stories are told of serpents. We are in wonderland here. The amphisbena has a head at both ends! Of another serpent it is said that it had a mouth so wide that it could swallow a man on horseback. The basilisk is, as we have elsewhere learnt, a dreadful creature. In the description of this animal our author becomes almost eloquent. Vegetation is blasted by its breath; to touch it, even with a long pole, is death; and men are slain by its mere glance. It is comforting to be assured that there is one animal which is able to destroy this frightful "king of serpents," and that is—the weasel!

This brief account will illustrate what was understood by dictionary-making in the time of the early Stuarts. Johnson, Walker, Webster, Murray, have since arisen and worked, and the English dictionary is now no longer a list of "hard words," but aims at being a complete vocabulary of the language of literature and conversation of our own and former days, collecting, arranging, and expounding all the speech of our forefathers and ourselves. Still, this little book had its day, and doubtless served a useful purpose. It was the first parent of an ever-growing offspring, the latest born of which when completed will comprise a huge work in six or eight volumes, each equal in bulk to a family Bible. It becomes us then to treat with a measure of approval and respect the forefathers of so illustrious a descendant, and we therefore close the ancient little volume, and place it carefully back upon the shelf. May it rest in peace!

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. CHALMERS.

To the Editor of the "Leisure Hour."

Dear Sir,—Your Reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers in the June number of the "Leisure Hour" are so interesting that I am tempted to add some of my own, known only to myself, which may prove not an uninteresting addition to your own, and I send them to you herewith.

I am, &c.,
DAVID BROWN.

Aberdeen.

When the great change which came over Dr. Chalmers, which for the first time revealed to the world what had lain hid in the manse of Kilmany (Fife), he felt himself a child in the spiritual life. With that humility which was his characteristic through life, he was ready to sit at the feet of those who were more advanced in the divine life than himself; and of all such he took most to Mr. Coutts, the minister of the neighbouring parish of Dairsie. But it was not so much the minister himself as his wife that attracted him—a lady of rare gifts and rich spirituality. In fact, when after her husband's death Mrs. Coutts took up her residence in Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers, whenever he had occasion to go to Edinburgh, made her house his home. And as I myself had been introduced to Mrs. Coutts by my aunt Mrs. Burns, the wife of the minister of Brechin, I spent an hour or two every time I was in Edinburgh with Mrs. Coutts. On these occasions I need hardly say that Dr. Chalmers was the frequent subject of conversation, and the following things about him I can never forget.

When at St. Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy, the pulpits of the Established Church were filled by respectable clergy and good men in their way, but "*Moderates*," whose sermons had little of that Gospel which is the power of God unto salvation, and the secret of a holy life. Dr. Chalmers felt much the want of this, and would now and then steal into a very humble chapel to get some nourishing food. But he had other ways of getting and giving good. He would invite a party of ladies and gentlemen to spend an evening with him, and before parting have family prayers, and if he could get an evangelical minister of the Church to join such a party, so much the better. On one occasion he had good Mr. Tait, then minister of the neighbouring parish of Tealing, and afterwards of the Trinity College church, Edinburgh. When it was time for prayer, Mr. Tait was asked to conduct "worship," and when they knelt down to pray, Mr. Tait spoke as one who lived very near to God. So much did Dr. Chalmers feel this, that on rising he threw his arm around his waist, and said, "Eh, man, *you're far ben by me*"—*far in*, compared with me.

When Dr. Chalmers was translated to the Tron

Church, Glasgow, his oratory set the whole city in a blaze, and if one went to hear him, unless he went half an hour before church time, he would not get in at the door. Dr. Balfour, of the Outer High Church, had been the chief means of inducing the magistrates of Glasgow, who were the patrons, to issue the presentation in favour of Dr. Chalmers. But the effect was, that the best of Dr. Balfour's young men, who had got good under the ministry of that excellent man, left him and went to the Tron Church. Dr. Balfour, no doubt, felt this, but took it in good part. One day at a party he said jocularly to Dr. Chalmers, "Eh, doctor, you're takin' awa' a' my folk." "Don't be afraid, doctor, they'll soon be back to you," was the reply; for he knew his own inability to nourish their spiritual life. "I can take them," said Dr. Chalmers, "to the door of the temple; but I leave them there, I cannot show them, like Mr. Balfour, the glories that are *inside*." All this I had from Mrs. Coutts. I will now give one or two Reminiscences of my own.

At the *Convocation*—that memorable gathering which was the crisis of the *ten years' conflict*—a gathering never to be forgotten by those who were there—a circular had been despatched to all the ministers of the Non-Intrusion party, from north to south and from east to west, inviting them to meet at Edinburgh on November 17, 1842, and there to meet from day to day, until a final decision should be come to as to the path of duty, should all relief for the wrongs done to the Church by the civil courts be in the last instance refused. It was a wise step, and it thoroughly answered the end contemplated.

During the discussion of the two questions: Shall we adhere to our principles (which were read over one by one)? and, Should these be disallowed in the last instance, what is to be done?—while these questions were being discussed, Dr. Chalmers, so far as I remember, did not speak, or if so, it was only to give his assent to the decision unanimously come to, that we must leave the Established Church. But as soon as this was settled, Dr. Chalmers proceeded to open his great scheme of finance, now known as the Sustentation Fund, by which he would raise a fund sufficient to provide for the support of the ministers and their families in the poorest localities of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as well as for those of the towns and villages elsewhere. As we listened to his elaborate exposition of a scheme so novel, it is difficult to say whether astonishment or incredulity preponderated. But by little and little, as we grasped his details, the thing did not seem so Utopian. "Mistake me not, gentlemen," he said. "I am not going to depend on the gold cast into the treasury by the wealthy members of the Church, but upon the shillings and sixpences, the pence and ha'pence of the humblest members of

the Church. I want to create a new feeling, that we and those who adhere to us are one body of rich and poor, all equally interested in the cause for which we suffer; and as the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, so the givings of willing members of the Church, even the pittance of the poorest, are to be valued as much as the largest sums of the rich. This will bind all of us together as one body, and you will see," he said, "how the funds will come in."

The gleam upon his countenance, as he expressed his confidence of success, was so infectious that we all began to feel as if lifted up, and as he came to his peroration, he rose to such a pitch of enthusiasm and eloquence that we rose simultaneously to our feet. And what was that peroration? It is worth telling, as a piece of curiosity in public speaking, as he himself told it to his friends. In the morning of the day on which he had to expound his scheme, when all he had to say was prepared, he considered how he could best encourage us to enter hopefully on his plan and assure ourselves of its success. He remembered that he had once written and delivered a speech at Kilmany on some secular subject, before any change had taken place in his religious views. That speech he prided himself upon at the time as one of his best, and so had kept a copy of it. He searched for it and found it, and having no difficulty in recalling it almost *verbatim*, he closed his statement to us with the words of that speech. The drift of it was to show what deeds of daring could be achieved by a body of men animated by one principle, and determined, with the Divine help, cost what it might, to carry it through!

But Dr. Chalmers was too practical a man to expect to float his scheme by mere enthusiasm. When the Disruption came in 1843, he took charge of it himself, and in order that he might have a Report to give in to the second General Assembly of the Free Church, he set himself to indoctrinate the general public into his plans. For this purpose he requested that the elders and deacons of the Church in Glasgow should meet him in some convenient place on a certain evening; and as I had been translated from my first rural charge in Banffshire to be the minister of Free St. James's, I made a point to be present. The meeting was held in the Free Tron Church, of which Dr. Buchanan was the minister, and I need not say it was a full meeting. The *élite* of the office-bearers as well as ministers of the Church were present. When he looked around him as he rose, he said, "I suppose you cotton lords think that when you make your calls on the people of your congregations, and come to some poor members living almost in a garret, you would think that it became you rather to give to them than for them to give to you. But I come here to teach you a lesson on that subject. The Lord on one occasion saw rich people casting their money into the treasury, and at the same time a poor widow casting in it her two mites, whereupon he said that this woman had cast in *more than them all*, because they had cast in of their plenty, but she of her penury—they of what they could easily spare, she of what will leave her poor indeed. Don't then, gentlemen, be ashamed to tell them

that you are come forth to get their share, however small, of the fund for upholding the Christian ministry of the Free Church. It is so little we can give, they will say, that we are ashamed to offer it. No matter, do you say. However small, if only given willingly and regularly when called for, it will be valued by us, and by the Master, as much as the larger contributions of others. In this way you will create a new feeling in the poorest members of the Church of the dignity and blessedness of giving rather than of getting. Let me give you a bit of my own experience. I took one of the most neglected districts of Edinburgh as my charge, and set up schools for the poorest of that poor district. I would not give them free education, I would make them pay for it—twopence a week for each scholar. One day a widow woman came to me and said her boy was getting on so well that she wanted to put her next boy to school, but as her twopence was gained by her gathering ashes from seven to eight in the morning, she was afraid she couldn't earn other twopence in that way. I thought for a moment. Shall I let that boy get his schooling for nothing? That would be a bad beginning. So I said, 'Don't you think, my woman, you might begin at six o'clock, and make the other twopence?' 'Well, I might try,' she said. 'Do that, and come and tell me how you get on.' She came, and held up the twopence to me with a smile of pride at what she had achieved. But could I take it was the question. Yes, I took it from her, and as she put it into my hand, I would have taken off my hat to her, as the bigger and better soul of the two."

I shall never forget the grandeur of the spectacle which Dr. Chalmers then presented, acting as he did the scene between himself and this woman, stooping down to her with such benignity; and all this story was to show how we could create a feeling of dignity, and, as we say, of pride, in the humblest member of our Church, by the feeling that they are providing for the support of the ministry in the remotest parts of the country as well as at their own door.

The foregoing reminiscences are slight in themselves, but they strikingly confirm what was stated (in the June part) about Dr. Chalmers. Many other facts will be found in the "Jubilee of the Free Church of Scotland Assembly of 1893." A more worthy estimate of Chalmers and his work has appeared from Mrs. Oliphant.¹ Two short paragraphs from her book will show the spirit in which it is written. Most people know his work as the founder of the Free Church, which was but a late incident in his life.

Mrs. Oliphant says (p. 225):

"After his short but splendid reign in Glasgow, which had made him the foremost figure in the Church, he had been seated, for fifteen years before the crisis of the Disruption came, at the very source and fountain-head of influence, as Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh. Many of the younger ministers had passed through his hands and been subjected to his impetuous and overwhelming influence. He had himself asserted, as one of his chief reasons for leaving

"Thomas Chalmers: Preacher, Philosopher, and Statesman." By Mrs. Oliphant. Methuen & Co.

Glasgow, even when only the comparatively insignificant Chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews was in question, that no individual charge in the Church could be so important as the office of training and educating the minds of its future clergy; and he had amply carried out his own prevision in this respect. On the other hand, he had been instrumental by his great movement for Church extension, though only partially successful, and much interrupted by the succeeding great controversy, in adding many new ministers to the numbers of the Church. We may add to this the charm which his strong sense and practical genius exercised over men of the world (to use the word in its best sense), the many devout and strong-headed men, not clerical, who are in Scotland scarcely less concerned in the management of the Church than the ministers. He was the pride both of the Church and the country, the greatest religious orator of his time, bringing his fame to swell the national glory. Government and people alike recognised his moral pre-eminence. Notwithstanding the Presbyterian parity which is the rule of his Church, no Archbishop was ever more truly the Primate of the great province which he swayed."

It is worthy of mention, in proof of the thorough disinterestedness of Chalmers, that he had refused a presentation to the richest of all the "livings" in the Church of Scotland, that of the parish of Greenock, offered to him by the patron, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart. This he refused, though with many claims upon him, with a large family, and always hampered by straitened means (*res angusta domi*), in order that he might remain free for his patriotic and beneficent works.

"He lived only four years," says Mrs. Oliphant, "after the great event which had filled with its controversies, its economics, and its triumphs, the latter portion of his life. When he had set the Sustentation Fund in full working order, he would seem to have withdrawn from the agitations of business into the formation of the New College, of which he was at once appointed principal. Not that his familiar countenance was withdrawn from the high places of the Church, but a softened and subdued mood became apparent in all he said or did, a sort of gently-stealing conviction that his public work was over, and no more conflict nor championship to be required of him. He had spoken before in his 'Diary' of the seventh decade of life as the sabbath of man's

days, the time of natural quietness and rest. This had begun for him in anything but rest; but when the immediate strain of the great crisis and catastrophe was over, as soon as circumstances permitted he seems to have sought the quietness which he had identified with this period of life. And never was life more full of honours, of popular recognition, of the homage of a world which had long been taught that it could make no mistake in acknowledging the greatness of Chalmers."

Fifty years have passed since the "catastrophe" to which Mrs. Oliphant alludes. The jubilee of the Free Church has this year been celebrated. The name of Chalmers has been often remembered, but seldom in a way worthy of his fame as "Preacher, Philosopher, and Statesman." The generation that knew him is passing away, but the ecclesiastical differences and rivalries of Scottish life remain. The hopes of reunion are as distant as ever, though the causes that led to the Disruption are removed.

One thing could be done which is independent of any question of division or of reunion of churches, and which would remove one of the evils that afflict the country. In 1843 there was every appearance of the division of the Church of Scotland being permanent. Free churches were planted in proximity to established churches, and the result was that, in country places as well as in towns, there are now often several ministers of various denominations, teaching the same doctrine, equally well educated, and with miserably small stipends or salaries, while the world is open to the messengers of the Gospel. Why should not the leaders of the various ecclesiastical bodies in Scotland join in an effort to diminish the over-supply of ministers and pastors, and set free many of them for service in places where their talents should be more highly appreciated, and their labours better rewarded? This would be a work worthy of the memory of Chalmers.

MICROSCOPIC SEA-LIFE.

IV.—THE MARINE AQUARIUM.

THE space allotted to detailed notice of the minute forms of sea life is exhausted, and the few forms mentioned here will be, for the most part, such as are introduced into the aquarium for a special purpose other than the observation of their development and habits. Our object has been to supply just enough information to enable intending collectors to commence operations; feeling confident that if a start be made, the interest of the pursuit will lead them to continue it. But upon every animal collected and kept some observation should be made; and when one form has been pretty fully worked out, its zoological position should be impressed on the mind by the study of kindred forms and groups. By this means one will get by degrees a grasp of the only rational system of classification—that based on relationship.

The general principle of managing a freshwater and a marine micro-aquarium is the same—the reproduction of natural conditions as exactly as circumstances will permit ("Leisure Hour," October 1892, pp. 839, 844). But it seems to be a pretty general experience that there is more difficulty in keeping the latter in good going order than the former. To obviate this various contrivances have been employed, the only one calling for mention here being a modification of the water-chamber tank with a sloping back, so much advocated in the "fifties." This plan was introduced by Mr. H. J. Waddington; and the following description is abridged from his own account of it.¹

Having fixed upon a bell-glass of the requisite size

¹ "Journal of the Quekett Microscopical Club," July 1888, pp. 241-246.

and form, a U-shaped piece of cardboard is cut, so as to slope at an angle of about 45° from the bottom of the aquarium to within about an inch of the top. This serves as a pattern by which a piece of stout glass is cut to serve as the back of the aquarium. Two wedges of cork keep it off the bottom, and similar wedges support it at the sides and relieve the pressure. Sea water is now poured in, with some green seaweed, and the vessel, covered with fine muslin, is exposed to the full action of light and air. Meanwhile the stones and rockwork to be used are exposed in another vessel of sea-water. When the inner side of the aquarium shows a coating of vegetable growth, the vessel is emptied, the part of the aquarium in front of the U-shaped plate wiped clean, the stones etc. arranged on this plate, and the water poured down the clean side so as not to disturb the vegetation. The plan is an excellent one, and its author has been wonderfully successful in keeping forms of marine life for a long time; but though I have made special inquiries I have not been able to find that his plan has been followed. There seems, however, to be one objection to it: one cannot insure the development of new colonies on the *right side* of the plate. The cork wedges allow free circulation of the water, and larval forms are just as likely to float behind the back of the aquarium, and develop there, as they are to mature on the other side where the observer can watch their movements in the clear water.

A dealer in London had a somewhat similar theory as to the propriety of keeping one part of his freshwater tank for animal and the other for vegetable life. He tried to effect this by dividing a bell aquarium into two parts by a vertical glass plate, on one side of which he put a quantity of vegetation, leaving the other side free for the development of microscopic animals. It was all in vain; free swimming rotifers swarmed over the vegetation naturally enough, for there they sought their food, and though he had a fine show of tube-building rotifers, the bulk of them had rooted themselves to the glass, which in some places was dark with the tubes of *Melicerita*. ("Leisure Hour," August 1892, p. 699.)

It seems to me that if a mass of floating green weed be kept on one side of the tank—and this can easily be done—any partition may be dispensed with. When the sides of the tank and the stones on the bottom are covered with conserved growth, very little, if any, other vegetation will be needed, except as a resting place for colonies of microscopic animals.

The form of the vessel does not matter very much; but one that is broad and shallow should if possible be chosen in preference to one that is narrow and deep—a cake or sandwich cover rather than a propagating or confectioner's glass. Beginners naturally think that animals which come from a depth of many fathoms will thrive best in deep vessels. And they probably would, if the conditions under which they live in such vessels were approximately the same as those under which they lived when at liberty. The continual motion of the sea carries down into its depths large volumes of oxygen, whilst the forests of submarine vegetation

complete the work of aëration. To render matters in any way comparable, we should have to establish an artificial supply of atmospheric air to the tanks, which is out of the question. If the depth of our aquarium exceed its breadth, the air absorbed by the surface will be insufficient in amount, and the defect must be compensated by abundant vegetation. Rare anemones have been successfully kept for long periods in pie-dishes covered with glass, and similar vessels are constantly used by investigators for breeding Ascidians.

If the water we have brought with us from our collecting excursion be not enough to fill our aquarium, and leave some over for smaller vessels into which we may put rare objects for frequent examination, in London at least we need have no difficulty about the supply. The Great Eastern Railway Company will deliver three gallons for sixpence, within a reasonable distance of any of their stations. It is generally of excellent quality, and in the only instance within the writer's knowledge where there was ground for complaint, a letter to the Superintendent at Liverpool Street brought a fresh supply the next day. Salts are sold for the preparation of artificial sea water, and are said to answer very well. The credit of their introduction is due to Gosse, and at one time they were largely used. They have, however, ceased to be of practical importance.

The average density of sea water compared to that of pure water is as 1027 to 1000; and in order to keep the inmates in health, that density should be approximately maintained. The instrument used for this purpose is called a hydrometer, and shows by its graduated scale whether the water contains too large or too small a proportion of salts. That shown in fig. 1 is of German make, and costs delivered in England about eighteenpence. The stem should not rise much above, or fall much below 26° . Salt-water beads, as they are called, are often employed instead, as they act automatically. These are two round glass beads, one blue, the other white.

When the water is of the proper density the blue bead rests on the bottom, and the white one floats at the surface. Should it become too salt, the blue bead will gradually rise; and its appearance on the top is a danger signal that should not be disregarded, for the salts are in excess, and the balance must be restored by the addition of fresh water. Distilled water is best, but cold boiled water, rain water, and tap water have all been employed. If the white bead begins to sink there is a deficiency of salts, and the best remedy is to remove the cover till the superfluous fluid has been carried off by evaporation. A third plan, which savours of the time-honoured "rule of thumb," but which works fairly well in practice, is, when the tank has been filled with sea water of



FIG. 1.—AQUARIUM HYDROMETER.

the proper density, to paste two strips of paper on the outside of the tank, opposite each other, so as to mark the level of the water, and to supply the loss from evaporation by adding either rain or distilled water.

In a fairly large aquarium, holding from two to three gallons, the bottom should be covered with large stones, angular rather than round. If these can be brought direct from the seaside, so much the better, for then such as have weeds growing on them, or are coated with patches of green, brown, or red confervoid growth, can be selected. "Take care, meanwhile," says Kingsley, "that there be as little as possible on the stone beside the weed itself. Especially scrape off any small sponges, and see that no worms have made their twining tubes of sand among the weed stems; if they have, drag them out, for they will surely die, and as surely spoil all by sulphuretted hydrogen, blackness, and evil smells." The interstices between the stones may be filled up with gravel, as one chooses, but sand should be avoided.

Having filled our aquarium, the weeds should be our first care. Ulva, or sea-lettuce, and the slender tubular Enteromorpha are the best to begin with. They are met with everywhere, and even if torn from the disk will live for some time in the aquarium, floating on the surface and contributing to the purification of the water. On these two weeds minute organisms are rarely found, but some Ulva recently received from Ilfracombe had its bright green frond overspread with the delicate network of a Polyzoon, and on some more in my aquarium a colony of Clava (fig. 4, p. 562) has settled.

The thready green weeds of the genus Cladophora grow well in the aquarium, and some should be introduced, at least at first, and suffered to remain till a coating of vegetation appears on the glass and the stones. Besides aerating the water, these weeds serve another useful purpose in providing pasture grounds for the minute Entomostracans, which will almost certainly be introduced into the aquarium with the weeds and from our store bottles, and which will be needed as food for the Hydrozoa.

The last of the green weeds to be mentioned is *Bryopsis plumosa* (fig. 2). It is by no means uncommon, and grows freely and rapidly in a tank. Quite apart from its exquisite beauty, it deserves a place because its slender stalks are generally clothed with colonies of Polyzoa. A plant sent me last year was growing from the shell of a piddock (*Pholas dactylus*). Its stalks were coated with Bowerbankia and the Tufted Ivory Coralline, and twining among them were colonies of Hydrozoa. The plant figured was taken last year not far from the Morte Stone, which Kingsley has rendered famous in

his "Westward Ho!" It has multiplied beyond expectation, and young plants have been pretty freely distributed.



FIG. 2.—*BRYOPSIS PLUMOSA*.

All the green weeds multiply rapidly; unfortunately the larger ones also decay very fast, so that there is pretty sure to be before long an accumulation of vegetable debris at the bottom of the tank. A little of this is very good for our purpose. It gives a home to Amœba, and Infusorians, and tiny Crustaceans generally swarm in it. But if an unfortunate worm or mollusc happens to die, and falls down amongst it, sulphuretted hydrogen will be evolved, and if not stopped at once, will cause something like a pestilence to attack the inhabitants of the aquarium. The inky black patch round the dead animal will make known the presence of this gas, even if it is not evident, as it probably will be, to the sense of smell. The offending matter must be removed at once. A dipping tube of wide bore is as good a means to employ as any ("Leisure Hour," June 1892, p. 557), and then the tank should be exposed to the influence of direct sunlight. The same instrument will be found useful to prevent too great an accumulation of debris. If the matter so removed be dropped into a bottle or a small jar, the floccose sediment will gradually sink to the bottom, and then the clear water, which will probably swarm with minute animal life, may be carefully returned to the tank.

The majority of the brown weeds are too large and coarse for our purpose, and the quantity of spores they send forth in fructification would soon render the water turbid. But since the larger kinds often serve as the home of many delicate little animals, pieces like those shown in fig. 3 may be snipped

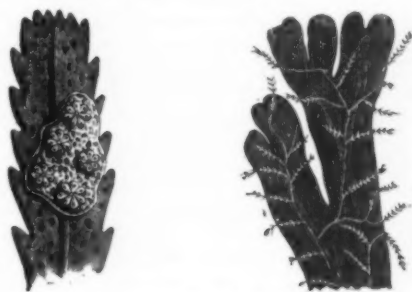


FIG. 3.—FRONDS OF *FUCUS*, WITH HYDROZOA AND ASCIDIANS (NATURAL SIZE).

off and dropped into the tank. The weed will, of course, gradually decay; but if the water is in good condition, long before this happens the animals will have multiplied and established fresh colonies on other weed, on stones, or it may be on the side of the tank. The weed on the right is *Fucus vesiculosus*, the Common Bladderwrack, with a colony of Sertularia; the other is *F. serratus*, bearing a colony of compound Ascidians.

Where a frond of the great oar-weed is found, it should be looked over for *Obelia* and some of the Polyzoa that cover flat surfaces with dainty chambers like the tiny meshes of silver lace. If any of these are discovered we may treat this weed as we proposed to treat the others, and drop the selected fragment into the tank.

There are, however, two of the smaller dark weeds that deserve a place in the aquarium, though for different reasons. The first, *Leathesia*, is a

strange looking plant that will do a little towards keeping the water in good condition, and so pay for its house room, though animal life is rarely found on it. This weed has almost the same range as the common coralline (fig. 5a), on which, indeed, it frequently grows, though it is almost as frequently found spreading its brown tuber-like fronds, like so many tiny potatoes, over the surface of rocks. If a thin section be cut from the middle, and examined under the microscope, the colourless filaments forming the body of the frond, and their coloured tips that make up its fleshy coat, may be traced. *Cladostephus* has another and stronger claim for a place. It is a favourite habitat for some minute forms of animal life. In the largest



FIG. 4.—*CLADOSTEPHUS*
VERTICILLATUS.

of my aquaria is a small spray some two inches long, on which are living at the present time some half-dozen *Spirorbis* (fig. 3c, p. 562), about as many of the tube-worm (*Othonia gracilis*) figured last month, and three colonies of *Polysoa*. This weed may be readily recognised from the fact that the divisions of the fronds are arranged at short intervals in whorls round the branches, as is indicated in its specific name.

As soon as the tank is in good going order, which will be known by the clearness of the water, and the bright bubbles of oxygen on the filaments of weed, animal life may be freely introduced. From the weed itself we shall be sure to have a store of Infusorians and Entomostracans, some of which will serve as objects for microscopic observation, though their chief end is to furnish food for larger forms.

Noctiluca will live for some little time in the aquarium, though probably a week will be the limit. Gosse could not keep them long, though he seems to have taken them in very large numbers. In his aquarium they came to the top, and crowded into a layer five or six deep, and at night this "scum," as he calls it, was most vividly luminous, especially on a tap or shake being given to the vessel. A friend who recently took a large gathering of Noctiluca and put them into his tank, was startled on going into the room in the dark to see what looked to be numberless points of fire scattered all over his aquarium.

The Hydrozoa will do well in confinement: the chief difficulty one has to encounter is one that unfortunately often affects far higher animals—the food supply, though they are capable of supporting long fasts. When the change of density in sea water is gradual, for example, from evaporation, they do seem to notice it; if, however, it be sudden, as in the case of removal from one tank to another containing water of greater or less density, they suffer therefrom. In my own tank at the present time *Coryne*, *Syncoryne*, *Clava*, *Cladonema*, and *Hydractinia* are living and multiplying; and before these lines are published I hope to have some colonies of *Clavatella*, for one of its walking buds, which probably came to me on some weed from

North Devon, has budded off several others. (See "Leisure Hour," July 1893, pp. 638, 639.)

If any of these creatures have taken up their abode on weed growing on a stone, they can be examined through the side of the aquarium with a hand lens, which will reveal quite enough to enable us to determine the genus, and perhaps the species. But if, as will probably be the case, we have only a small piece of each kind, and that on loose floating weed or a small stone, some plan must be adopted to prevent it being lost sight of, and perhaps knocked to pieces in the swirl when the tank is turned round. It is an excellent method to put the colony into a small tube, and lower it into the tank. When one wants to look at it, if the tube be withdrawn the Hydrozoan can be looked over with the hand magnifier, or removed from the tube to a zoophyte trough for examination under the microscope. A small colony of *Clava cornea* and the *Cladonema* mentioned above are kept in a small tube about two inches long, with a diameter of half an inch, which lies snugly upon the bottom, shaded from excess of light by the green weed arranged round it.

It is not so easy a matter as it would seem to withdraw a small tube from the aquarium. Unless it be flanged at the neck, the only way is to grip it with the tank forceps, one leg of which should be inserted in the tube, which is then to be slowly raised in a slanting direction till enough of the neck appears above the water to be grasped by the hand. If the tube be flanged the process of removal becomes more easy; a piece of string can be tied round it, and a cork or small piece of wood attached to the face end so as to float on the surface. In this way the tube can be drawn up and lowered again without fear of breakage. A limpet or oyster shell is sometimes utilised for the same purpose. By keeping the smaller animals in this way they are as readily available for examination as if they were living in tubes in a stand, while they have the advantage of the whole mass of water in the tank, and consequently of a pretty plentiful supply of food. Indeed, it is surprising to note how the Entomostraca frequent these tubes, as if led by curiosity, for when a tube is withdrawn they may be seen swarming over the bottom and sides—a far larger number of them in a given space than in any other part of the tank.

Given a fair-sized tank in good condition, there is very little difficulty in keeping the common *Tubularia*. One case is recorded in the Journal of the Quekett Microscopical Club, where a colony lived for more than eighteen months. A friend has succeeded in keeping it for nine months, and, judging from appearances, it seems likely to live for as many more. In a bell aquarium, containing only about two gallons, I had at one time as many as four colonies all flourishing. One was dredged at Whitstable on September 3, 1892, and afterwards separated into two, and two were picked up apparently dead on the beach at Hastings. To show how hardy a creature is *Tubularia*, I may perhaps be allowed to relate my treatment of the Whitstable colony.

It was affixed to a piece of limestone, and one head with its expanded tentacles was nearly level

with the surface of the water, so that, after a few sheddings and renewals of the head, the polypite bid fair to rise out of its native element. Moreover, at the base of the colony were several Tunicates, which not only devoured the food—Entomostraca—intended for the Tubularia, but also consumed more oxygen than could be spared for them, thus destroying the balance of life, and deranging the economy of the tank.

Books were consulted, but in vain. They threw no light on the matter. At last I determined to operate on the Tubularia. A large pie-dish was requisitioned and filled with sea water. In this the stone was placed so that the Tubularia stems lay parallel to the bottom. A pair of sharp scissors soon made two colonies out of one by severing the longest stem at its middle part. The Tunicates still remained to be dealt with. Two, as large as Barcelona nuts, were comfortably seated on each side the original colony; a third was completely enveloped in the rootstock of the Hydrozoan. But by gently inserting the large blade of a pocket knife between the base of the Tunicates and the limestone they were gradually prized off without damage, though not without protest. Immediately leverage was applied, each in its turn emitted a tiny jet of water, as from a miniature fire engine, thus abundantly justifying their popular name of "Squirters" or "Sea-squirts." The colony was cut on December 3, 1892, and the severed stem lived till the end of May, throwing out several fine heads in succession. It was then so covered with confervoid growth that it was removed to another tank, where, probably owing to the conditions being in some way unfavourable, it died. The lower part continued vigorous up to about the same date, when some other experiments were tried on it unsuccessfully.

The Polyzoa may be treated like the Hydrozoa—that is, if the colonies are small—put into tubes, and lowered into the tank. They are almost sure to multiply, and the only limit to their increase seems to be the extent of the food supply. Bowerbankia thrive amazingly with me this last season, and new colonies sprang up in strange places. When asked for some by an acquaintance who had started some small tanks, I was able to give him his choice as to whether he would have it growing free, or on weed, or on stone. He chose the latter as being an unlikely habitat. It was not difficult to comply with his request. Moreover, colonies had settled inside some of the small tubes spoken of above, and from the confervoid growth on the shell of a periwinkle the tubular chambers of the polyzoan protrude, as did several tubes of Spio, a small worm whose long white tentacles continually lashed the water in search of food.

The True Coralline (*Corallina officinalis*) is a capital habitat for many of the Polyzoa. It grows freely enough with me, and has spread its pinkish disc on stones at the bottom and on floating weed

on the top. The piece shown in fig. 5 a was taken from my tank, as was *Plocamium coccineum*, the weed growing to the left on the same stone. They are often found in company, and are pretty sure to have on them choice specimens of minute life.

Chylocladia is another red weed that will sometimes grow in the aquarium. That shown at fig. 5 b was collected at Cromer, and is now showing signs of fructification. On all three weeds were various forms of animal life, most of which

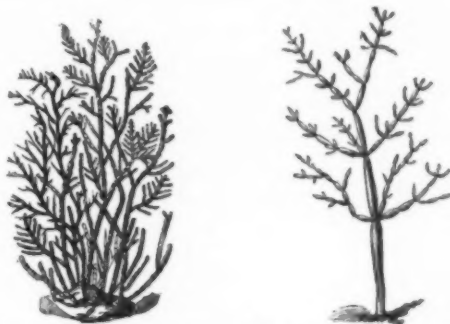


FIG. 5.—a, CORALLINE (*CORALLINA OFFICINALIS*); b, CHYLOCLADIA KALIFORNIENSIS.

were figured in the September number. In another plant of Chylocladia which came from North Devon, the pure white of the Snake's Head Coralline runs along the warm red of the weed, which seems all the brighter from the contrast.

With the exception of the smaller tube worms and perhaps a few tunicates, we have run over the chief forms that should find a home in the aquarium for microscopic sea life. Molluscs should be sparingly admitted; periwinkles may not do harm, I scarcely think they do much good; and if one waits for them to clear the confervoid growth from the inside of the tanks, one will need a good deal of patience. A small sponge or a clean piece of chamois leather tied to a piece of wood is much more effectual. The few I have were introduced unwittingly with weed. Far more useful are their much smaller and prettier relations of the genus *Rissoa*, which confine themselves to confervoid diet, and do not, like the periwinkles, feed on good growing weed.

As soon as the collector has acquired a fair general acquaintance with the minute forms of marine life, some group should be taken up and steadily worked at. An excellent account of how this has been done with regard to a portion of the freshwater fauna of Wanstead will be found in the July number (p. 644). If some half dozen collectors living at the seaside were to work the coast in their neighbourhood as thoroughly as Wanstead has been worked, their observations would be of great value.

H. S.



THE PROTECTION OF OUR SEA FISHERIES.

BY F. G. AFLALO.

OUR North Sea fisheries are in danger, never a doubt of it. Men of Devon may protest against any interference on the part of Government; but Devon is not the county that supplies the metropolis with fish. The railway rates shut out such a lucrative market. No; it is from the North Sea, from the Dogger Bank and the Broad Forties, from the Well Bank and Silver Pit, that our markets are supplied with soles, turbot, and plaice. The terrible decrease of recent years, in proportion to the enormously increased catching power, has given rise to repeated representations, resulting finally in the appointment of a select committee of the House of Commons, the report of which has been awaited with great interest.

The scientific witnesses gave many facts, but declined to assist the committee in interpreting them. The fishermen opposed any sweeping measures, or, at most, timorously asked to be protected from their own extravagance, the only differences lying in the fact that while those hailing from the east coast admitted the recent decay of the fisheries, but suggested caution in applying remedies, those from South Devon and the Bristol Channel and Lancashire districts denied any falling off, and protested against interference.

The recommendations of the Committee will, one may safely anticipate, be confined to the desirability of a measure restraining the wanton destruction of undersized plaice, soles, and turbot. Further forecast is at the present stage impossible; and though the writer attended all their sittings throughout the summer, he would be at a loss to say offhand what impression they may have received from evidence as conflicting as it was voluminous.

One or two considerations of importance were, however, undoubtedly cleared up in the course of the protracted inquiry; and it may be of interest to devote our space to some account of the difficulties with which the path of the legislator serving on such a committee is strewn.

First come the ignorance, wilful in some cases, of the fishermen, and the jealousies that are rife between the various grades (they are almost *castes*), and that, it is to be feared, give rise to conscious

misstatement of what must be fact. Take the question of the survival of fish taken in a trawl-net—an important matter, since if the fish in reality die from the strain, there could be but little benefit accruing to the fisheries from a measure by which the trawler is compelled to return those of a certain size.

Some of my readers may have spent a night aboard a trawler; may have experienced the excitement of the moment when the slippery, wriggling, phosphorescent mass of all sorts is hauled over the side and sorted.

Those who have enjoyed such expeditions will know, and those who have not can readily understand, that the proportion of flat-fish surviving depends on the length of haul, as well as on the state of the weather and the nature of the trawling ground: rough weather and a long haul over a soft, muddy bed killing most of the fish, whereas a short haul over hard, even sand, where the net takes in little weed and no mud to choke the fish, has precisely the opposite effect.

The writer has seen a trawl hauled aboard in the Channel after an eight hours' run in which scarce five fish in ten had any life left in them; while in a three hours' haul on the Baltic coast, not more than one in ten had apparently suffered from the experience.

But even allowing for such differences—and they are practically extreme cases—it was somewhat surprising to hear successive witnesses gravely giving 80 per cent., or thereabouts, as the number that survive and the number that succumb. Had the witnesses deliberated beforehand with a view to puzzling their hearers, the effect could scarcely have been more ludicrous.

A hundred other witnesses touched on this same important point, giving actual figures that varied between these extremes, their evidence being very clearly the result of guesswork rather than experiment.

Nor was this by any means the only subject in which the practical fisherman exhibited convenient ignorance. On the coast of Lincolnshire, between Skegness and the mouth of the Witham, there is a thriving industry in immature plaice, flounders,

lemon soles, and other members of the flat-fish tribe of which the Wash is a very nursery. A local fisherman, cross-examined with regard to this district, could not, or would not, give the fish anything more definite than their generic name. They were *flat-fish* which never grew larger—that was all. Now either such an answer was dictated by *bonâ fide* ignorance, or it was something more deliberate. If the former, then the sooner something is done to instruct the fishermen, the better it will be for the fisheries; if these astounding statements are adduced in the vain hope of deceiving members of Parliament, it would be as well if such astute witnesses bore in mind that these gentlemen, by no means ill versed in the subject themselves, have the benefit of expert scientific advice and access to exhaustive libraries.

Another matter brought into necessary prominence during the investigation was the unsatisfactory condition of existing statistics.

Witness after witness was asked the leading question whether in his opinion the alleged depletion of the inshore fisheries was a matter of fact, and there was not one who could give more than an opinion. Yet surely a table giving the annual amount and weight of fish landed at each port; the proportion landed by English boats from English grounds; the annual increase in catching power (number of boats, method of locomotion, extent of nets, number of hands employed, etc.), and the duration, dependent on the weather, of each year's fishery—surely such a table, filled in for even ten successive years, would give an unanswerable Yes or No! In this we have not made much advance since the time, about ten years ago, when Mr. Walpole deplored the want of trustworthy statistics. "There are no means of ascertaining with any precision such simple facts as the number of boats employed, or the number of persons engaged, in the sea-fisheries of England and Wales." "He is forced to adduce theories where he ought to state facts, and the best service which he can perhaps hope to accomplish, is to induce the Government to supply some of the information, the publication of which would have made most of his own labours unnecessary." "Many of the wild proposals which are constantly made for the regulation of the fisheries would probably be dropped if the steady and satisfactory progress of the industry were recorded."

This was in 1883; and ten years have passed without much having been done to remove the obstacle from the path of the legislator. How keenly the Committee must have felt the absence of full and accurate statistics will possibly appear in some sort of recommendation on the subject to the Board of Trade.

There is little justice—though some good may thereby be effected—in the general public constantly upbraiding in vague terms this and that official body for its backwardness in collecting such information, which is a somewhat costly proceeding. Much must in any case depend on the amount granted for the purpose by the Treasury; but something might be done in the way of an instruction to the various fishery boards (the most recent of which embraces the Hampshire and Wight coasts), to

whom the task of collecting local information must come so much easier than to a central department. On one subject, for instance, there prevails absolute doubt; and that is the extent to which certain areas in the North Sea are frequented by a preponderance of these small fish. On the solution of this problem depends the efficacy and the very *raison d'être* of any proposition affecting the closing of certain grounds to trawlers during at least a portion of the year. Most of the nurseries hitherto designated lie on the eastern margin of the North Sea, so that it would be useless to prohibit fishing in these limits unless by convention with the other powers.

But one witness at an early stage of the inquiry made the somewhat surprising statement that the undersized plaice found their only market in this country. Now the writer, having suffered at Hamburg hotels from breakfast table visitations of these same infant fish, at once foresaw, no very difficult matter, that the Committee might be led astray by *bonâ fide* misstatement; and he therefore sought corroborative evidence—for who is a prophet in his own country?—from one of the German inspectors of fisheries, the correspondence being ultimately published by order of the chairman, Mr. Marjoribanks.

It was also of service in showing the probably hostile attitude of the German Government in respect of any proposed international legislation. The sea fisheries, so far at least as the big banks of the North Sea are concerned, are a comparatively new industry in the German Empire, one of the latest phases in fact of the general commercial development succeeding the last war; and the government will be very loth to check any increasing investment of capital in this direction. The Germans are also getting a navy, and are wise enough to recognise that the finest seamen have served their time aboard smacks and whalers. And they are also sufficiently politic to give every encouragement to their fisheries in the North Sea, knowing that the roughest coasts send forth the best men. This is why our Devon men are so hardy, excelling all others on the south coast, while in the antipodes stand the Hampshire folk, the island which shelters them from the full force of the open sea also, it would appear, diminishing their seagoing qualities in proportion. Much may no doubt be attributed to the pernicious example of that hospitable but hopelessly lazy fraternity known as yachtsmen, who feed and slumber in various parts of the Solent for weeks together, and what is worse, spend large sums of money with a lavish carelessness that bids fair to demoralise all the traders. Cowes will soon be, if it is not so already, more costly as a place of summer residence than Monte Carlo.

Note.—Since the above paper was written the Committee have presented their report to Parliament. Their most definite recommendation has reference to a size limit—almost identical with that adopted by our neighbours on the North Sea—for flat-fish; and they also condemn more than once the inadequate condition of existing statistics.

Still more important, however, is their recommendation in connection with a further international conference, and the establishment of an English Fishery Board.

Altogether, they are to be congratulated on the clearness and comprehensiveness of their report; and it is to be hoped that the Legislature will avail itself thereof to the full.—F. G. A.

ENGLAND REVISITED AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS.

WE have received from Durban, the sea-port of Natal, a small book containing the observations and impressions of a colonist, revisiting "the old country" after more than forty years' absence. The writer was one of a party of emigrants who left England in 1850, landing in South Africa on July 4 of that year. Though the eldest of the family, he was then under age. He returned for the first time, and landed at the London Docks, with his wife and youngest daughter, on July 31, 1892. After spending the autumn and winter in England, he got back to his home in Natal early in 1893. "Forty-two years, sir, since you were in England! Well, I suppose you see many changes?" To escape the incessant calls of curious questioners, Mr. George Russell inserted some rough notes in a Natal newspaper, and these are reprinted in the little book that reaches us.

It is interesting to see what are some of the changes that most struck an intelligent and sensible man revisiting England after so long an absence. Every day of the six months of holiday seems to have been fully occupied, and the writer justly claims to have solid ground for both observation and comparison, and he shows himself quite as capable of forming opinions about English life as professional literary men, from Mr. Froude downwards, who have paid flying visits to Natal or other parts of the Empire, and published their reports and impressions. A few weeks were first spent at Brighton, and in places accessible by the South Coast lines—Lewes, Hastings, Arundel, Chichester, Horsham—at some of which visits were paid to old Natal friends, and recollections exchanged of home and colonial life. At the very first, there was a pleasant incident that connected the old country with the far-off home in South Africa. Passing Preston Barracks along with a colonial friend, the sound of a bugle attracted the strangers, and they looked in at the gateway, where they saw some of the cavalry at drill in the barrack yard. The gorgeous sentry surprised them, in brass helmet, scarlet tunic, boots and gloves, and the two friends ejaculated to each other the usual native salutation, and remarked, "They are the old Sixth from Natal!" These old acquaintances, the Sixth Dragoons, were then quartered at Brighton.

The first railway journey from London delighted the strangers; the English flowers, the fields, with clean handsome cows and sheep, with the green pastures, standing corn, canals, woods, and rural scenery, recalling early memories so different from the semi-tropical scenes with which they had long been familiar. The very speed of the train, quite forty miles an hour, so utterly at variance with the usual colonial rate, surprised them. Of the speed of the old country train the writer had a startling experience at a later period, when waiting at a quiet station in the north. A rumbling roar caused him to turn

his head, and before he could take one step back on the platform the Scotch express literally thundered by, and was but a square dust-surrounded blotch, when his eyes caught sight of it again in the vanishing distance. He was told that this train runs on some portions of its course at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The excessive speed of trains keeps pace with the age, and is a cause of wonder and of anxiety to colonists, and to old-fashioned people among ourselves.

Descriptions are given of many parts of the island which were visited. Nottingham, Belvoir Castle, Northampton, Birmingham, Stourbridge, Kidderminster, Coventry, Oxford, St. Albans, Windsor, Virginia Water, and many places famous in history or centres of busy modern industry. In the Eastern Counties much was seen. Only one place we pause to refer to, Stoke-by-Nayland, Suffolk, as a characteristic bit of English scenery. "We were fascinated by the gardens and conservatories; the park and woods teeming with game; the old church, the inns, and buildings of old monastic times, many of the houses timber-built; the quaint deep-worn country roads, and ancient trees, now rich with autumn tints; the regular fields and trim hedges, corn stacks, farm houses, live stock; to say nothing of the rosy children and decently clad labourers, by either of whom a few coppers for 'cakes and ale' are received with surprise, and respectfully acknowledged, and you are spared the native comment 'Deeblish, geopelle?' with a click at the end." In the memory of the emigrants our old English country life will survive, when the scenes themselves are fading away, in the rapid changes of English social and political and industrial "revolutions!"

But we must hasten to mention some of the changes noted in the metropolis since 1850, the year before that of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

"The most marked changes in London were the Holborn Viaduct, the Thames Embankment, with Cleopatra's Needle, Queen Victoria Street, the Law Courts, and the absence of Temple Bar. Ludgate Hill was disfigured by a miniature Menai railway tube crossing the street, almost hiding St. Paul's, whilst the Thames was crossed by several railway bridges, useful, but none of them ornamental. The new Tower Bridge is a decided eyesore as viewed from London Bridge. It is the outcome of the latest engineering skill, a combination of suspension bridge, drawbridge, and warehouse lift; its completion is expected during the year. Coming daily into contact with the Underground Railway this stupendous undertaking appeared to me the most marvellous change, for while noting the thousands who used it almost continuously, I observed also that there appeared no diminution in the passenger traffic of the streets, on sidewalk or vehicle; in fact, the omnibuses and cabs were certainly more numerous, more convenient, and less expensive, than of old time; an inside place in a 'bus was not always to be had. Tram cars everywhere outside the city were also a new thing, cheap and convenient, especially an outside seat on a fine day, if one set aside colonial prejudice as to the tobacco people there smoked. With the exception of the London

Bridge Railway Station, all the other main stations seemed new to me, by reason of their enlarged and altered appearance, and the palace hotels attached to them; some I had not seen previously."

Many are the improvements connected with travel and traffic, but the writer also notes increase of abuses also. Having spoken of the excellence of railway administration, and "the general civility and attention of all servants of the several companies," he says:

"We were sadly disgusted by the advertising craze, through which all railway stations are defaced. It is said, however, to be a profitable source of revenue. Posters, pictures, labels, and signs of every conceivable device or colour, many transparencies, and all, more or less, in bad taste, cover the station walls, meeting the eye yards before reaching the platform."

With regard to London itself, the old landmarks remain, and serve as points of departure:

"Generally the face of London has materially changed for the better, notwithstanding the grimy appearance of all public and private buildings. Many old shops remain, but as a rule the citizens have been obliged to move with the times, its arts and sciences. Plate glass windows, ornamental fronts, and electric lights replace the small premises and insufficient light of other days. All the old hanging signs are removed from shops and public-houses; the latter, though retaining their old names, were kindly pointed out to me by genial 'bus drivers, otherwise I could not have recognised the showy, plate-glass, ornate premises for the red-curtained beer house or horse-troughed 'pub.' of my youth.

"The banks, insurance, financial and shipping companies, to say nothing of the West End clubs, monster hotels, eight and ten storeys high, or equally large buildings let for chambers and offices, built of polished marble or granite, of stone, red brick, and terra-cotta, with elaborate artistic carvings, mouldings, and ironwork, each in themselves a study, are now marked features of the streets. With them must be included monster stores or warehouses of improved design, and replete with all modern appliances. Co-operative stores and gorgeous restaurants, all gilding, gas, and glitter. The houses, equipages, and retinue of the wealthy, the palatial hotels, the shops of goldsmiths, furriers, art furnishers, drapers, and clothiers, all doing good business; a stroll through public museums, picture galleries, a lounge through the Bank of England, and a quiet contemplation of the endless traffic, both on the river and over it, fills the mind with a sense of awe and oppression at the enormous wealth represented, and in sheer vacuity you find yourself drifting into wonderment where the five millions of people who daily come and go will get their supper to-night."

The sanitary and the educational reforms in the last forty years are apparent to the stranger:

"All streets are well lit with gas; at central points with three-branched reflector lamps, and in many places by electricity. Fire Brigade stations are numerous, with many fire escape ladders attached to each, with men on duty all night. Weights and measures, the poor man's coal hucksters, the costers' markets, sanitary and food inspectors, electric and telegraphic appliances, sky signs, hoardings refuse, public lavatories, drains and endless other things which the Londoner, while wincing at the necessary rates levied, regards as salutary and essential. The result is that London may, despite its swarthy ancient face, be deemed the cleanest, one of the best served, and healthiest cities in the Empire. At the creation of school boards, the parish clerk - good old soul - beadle, schoolmaster and schools, the charity children and their quaint dress, all sank in the sea of progress, and the school board reigns in their stead, with marked efficiency, in commodious buildings in every parish, with ecclesiastical and special exceptions, throughout the kingdom. Well governed and taught, supported by vigilant inspectors and the strong hand of the law, the effect produced is remarkable. Londoners speak and read English. The language of the Cockney as defined of old by transposition of v's and w's,

is no longer to be heard in the streets. Children in the densest parts of London were decently clad and kempt; though their playground was too frequently the street, there was an absence of that grovelling in the gutter so noticeable formerly.

"Compulsory education has entirely changed the social condition of the people for the better in dress, manners, occupations, and promoted musical and literary culture, good taste, and domestic comfort in their homes. Children are inclined to look down on their less advanced parents, and as a rule decline domestic service, preferring to go into offices, shops, or factories so as to secure the liberty and freedom of their evenings. Public libraries and reading-rooms are always thronged, especially at meal-times, by men and girls of the operative class. Railway book-stalls do a large business, and of an evening are literally showered with workmen's pennies as they snatch up an evening edition or an illustrated paper on their way home. Conversation with these people (always civilly communicative) satisfies one that they have acquired self-respect, are keenly alive to their political position, and able intelligently to discuss the exigencies of trade. Trade unionism seems the bogey-man they fear, and the monster they obey, while admitting it is crushing them. Though an outcry is always heard about the times, agricultural depression, and foreign competition, the working man, from my standpoint, was never better off. Excellent dwellings, regulated to a state of healthiness and convenience—numbers built in flats by building companies; cheap and excellent clothing; cheap and abundant food; rapid means of conveyance in person, parcel, or postal order; free education for his children; hospitals, dispensaries, and baths all round him; public lectures, cheap concerts, working-men's colleges, clubs, and free libraries; parks, commons, and music halls for his games, cheap tobacco, and cheaper beer. I no longer wonder at the reluctance of the respectable artisan to leave all these things, which have become second nature to him, to emigrate to Natal, where he naturally concludes they cannot exist. Against this pleasant state of affairs must be set the great depression in trade, augmented by continual strikes, and the consequent shutting down of numerous industries, throwing hundreds of skilled men out of employ.

One word in conclusion about the London Police, City or Metropolitan:

"When I was a boy, 'Peelers' wore a blue swallowtail coat, white trousers (in summer), with a tall chimney pot hat, varnished on the top; now a military-looking felt helmet, blue tunic and pants, adorn as fine a body of men as are to be found in the services, the Guards not excepted. The police in London are the admiration of all visitors, and universally well spoken of by the residents—always civil walking guides as to streets, places of business, 'bus or tram routes, and cab fares; autocrats as to traffic, stopping the stream with a wave of the hand at such places as the Bank or Mansion House, to help in the kindest way a few ladies or old gentlemen across. Their quiet way of noting down complaints, numbers on cabs, 'buses, vans, etc., seems to settle most matters without summons, or reference to 'his Worship.' The lower orders (if sober) invariably style him 'Sir,' or 'Mr. P'leseman.'"

The only thing about which our colonial friend found no improvement to note, was the dense ignorance and heedless indifference about Natal, or about colonial affairs in general. Very amusing illustrations of this ignorance are given, and quite as much in West End Clubs as among the people. "The action and duration of the Gladstone ministry, Home Rule for Ireland, and the competition of America and continental Europe, give the average Briton sufficient concern without bothering about the colonies, even though they claim to be the brightest gems in the Imperial Crown."

What will be noticeable to a colonist revisiting the old country after the lapse of another forty years?

THE HEROINE OF NICE.

THREE hundred and sixty years ago two powerful monarchs were in a continual state of feud with each other. No sooner had Francis I of France ascended the throne of his ancestors than he was confronted by a rival dangerous to his ambition whose possessions threatened to hem him in on every side, for Charles V, King of Spain, was elected to rule the empire to which the King of France himself had aspired. War broke out between these two sovereigns, both men of genius



but of opposite character and qualities, and was prosecuted with varied success until the King of France was made a prisoner at Pavia, when he wrote to his mother the celebrated despatch so mutilated by time, "De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie sauve." Francis I was carried off to Spain, to regain his freedom only after signing a treaty that imposed upon him the hardest conditions—conditions, however, never observed. Charles V thenceforth sought to revenge himself by renewing his hostility towards Francis I, who was compelled to court the alliance of the Sultan, Souleiman II, whose maritime supremacy had rendered him master of the Mediterranean waters.

Baron de la Garde, better known as *le Capitaine Paulin*, was sent to negotiate an offensive and defensive alliance with the Eastern ruler, whereby Turkey engaged to place at the disposal of France a formidable fleet with a military contingent on board, the King's design being to effect the conquest of Nice. Whilst expeditions were being prepared

at Marseilles and Toulon under the direction of Count Adhémar de Grignan, Lieutenant-General of Provence, the youthful Duke d'Enghien being appointed to the supreme command with such men under him as the Marquis de Baquincourt, Claude Count de Tende, the Duke of Rochecouard, the Counts de Tavannes, de la Tour, du Maine, de Castellane, de Ponteves, the Chevalier d'Aulx, etc., the noted corsair, Barbarossa, one of the first seamen of the day and admiral-in-chief of the Turkish fleets, having the little less renowned Dragut for his lieutenant, was sailing to the west, bound for the coast of Provence. On learning of these mighty preparations, Charles, Duke of Savoy, hastened with a body of choice troops to Nice, where he had the gratification of finding his faithful subjects actively engaged in strengthening their position, "in defence of their Prince, their Country, and their Faith."

On Sunday, August 5, 1543, the French and Turkish allied fleets, consisting of about three hundred sail, appeared in the offing heading for Villafranca. The sight of so unusual a spectacle and its hostile character produced such a panic among the inhabitants that many fled into Provence or towards Italy, those in the country around making the best of their way with cattle and movables to the neighbouring mountains, where they had to endure the most trying privations—priests and members of religious communities being amongst those who deserted the city in its day of peril! The enemy lost no time in effecting a landing, for early on the morning of the 7th the Turks assaulted the Liguier quarter, at the same time threatening the suburbs of Limpia and Sincaira, offensive movements followed during the 8th and 9th by sanguinary contests between the opposing forces, leading to the complete destruction of the intervening country. On the following day, August 10, the Turkish galleys left their anchorage at Villafranca, artillery was landed at Barri Vieil, and a battery erected in front of Porta Elia.

It would appear that the enemy did not entertain the slightest doubt of eventual success, for towards sunset of the same day a herald summoned the fortress to surrender, under pain of meeting with no quarter when the siege was over. But the defence had been entrusted to a gallant soldier of distinction, the Chevalier Odinet de Montfort, who was ably supported by De Balb, Nicolas de Beaumont, Richard d'Aranthon, Jean François Lascaris, lord of Castellar, Papacino, Gallean, and others of the best blood of Savoy; and the chief's answer was worthy of his name and cause: "Je me nomme Montfort; mes armes sont des pals; ma devise, *Il faut tenir*. Avec l'aide de Dieu et la bravoure des habitants je défendrai ces remparts tant que la vie me reste."

Whilst awaiting the arrival of the French land

forces, which had not as yet made their appearance, Barbarossa completed the investment of the city by constructing batteries at St. Croix, Cimiez, Mont Boron and Mont Gros, arming them with seventy-three pieces of artillery and six culverins; and he detached twenty of his galleys to ravage the coast from Var to Oneille. The French troops having crossed the Var on the morning of the 11th, the siege was at once prosecuted by the combined forces, a terrific cannonade being sustained from the 12th to the 14th, during which time twelve hundred rounds of shot were fired, the besieged replying with equal vigour. During the afternoon of the 14th breaches were effected in the St. George and St. Sebastian bastions, but the defenders, happily for themselves, created a diversion by simulating a sortie, with the result that the enemy's contemplated assault had to be deferred, at least for that day.

The besiegers now determined upon bringing matters to an issue, and on the following morning, August 15, the Feast of the Assumption, whilst the inhabitants were supplicating the aid and protection of their intercessor, the Blessed Virgin Mary, one hundred and twenty galleys formed in line of battle abreast of the fortifications of Nice, and the allied land forces, which included an Italian contingent under Giovanni Strozzi, were disposed in columns of attack. At a given signal and under cover of a murderous fire from ships and batteries, scaling parties, uttering the wildest cries, advanced with ladders, their banners deployed, whilst numerous bands of music made the air resound with the most discordant noises. In the face of such threatening danger every citizen took up arms, the women ministering to the relief of the wounded and dying. Again and again did the allies return to the assault, each time to meet with a determined repulse, until at last the impatient Barbarossa ordered his Janissaries to the front with orders to seize and hold the Sinclair tower. So far as lay in their power, those favourite troops, supported by the Tuscans and men of Provence, obeyed, for they gained the parapet and planted the Crescent on the rampart, a temporary advantage which caused the defenders to fall back, dismayed and irresolute. But it was not for long, for Catarina Segurana, a woman of the people, succeeded in rallying, with voice and action, those that were flying, and taking the lead, she disputed with the enemy every foot of the ground now covered with the bodies of the slain and maimed. The assailants received a check of which Catarina was not slow to profit, for, cheering on her gallant band, a desperate hand to hand encounter ensued, and—the ramparts were gained! With one blow of the axe did Catarina Segurana bring the flaunting ensign to the ground, and, seizing it with her bloody hands, cried, "Victory! Victory!" The disappearance of the hated standard imparted fresh courage and hopes to the Niçois, who followed up their advantage by driving the Janissaries, the Italians, and men of Provence into the breach and beyond. This repulse was bravely followed by instant pursuit, the enemy became scattered by a woman, and the fortunes of the day having been turned, the besieging ships withdrew from the shore. Ten days' bombardment had, however, rendered the fortified

works no longer tenable, and Nice capitulated on condition that the French should alone occupy the town. Catarina Segurana, now the wonder and idol of the people, refused to submit to such terms, and placing herself at the head of the more resolute of her countrymen, she garrisoned the citadel with the determination of defending it to the last extremity. The deserted ramparts were speedily occupied by the Turks for the final struggle, when intelligence was received to the effect that the Piedmontese army was advancing to the relief of the beleaguered city; but rather than face the fresh troops, Barbarossa raised the siege, revenging himself for his disappointment by encouraging his soldiers to pillage, and to the carrying off to their ships of as many women and children as they could lay hands on. But the honour of Nice was saved, and the citadel escaped falling into the hands of the destroyers through the valour and energy of a woman, who found herself being borne about in triumph by her grateful fellow-citizens, their deliverance being attributed to the protection of the Virgin of the Assumption, in whose honour was established a religious procession, which visitors to Nice may witness on every recurrent anniversary.

Catarina Segurana, the daughter of a fisherman, was a woman of masculine and robust proportions, believed by some to have been in some way deformed because of her sobriquet, "Donna Maufaccia," the Niçois for "ill-shaped woman," by which she was popularly known. Her fellow-citizens conferred the honour, during her lifetime, of placing her bust, in marble, at Porta Païroliera, one of the gates near the Sinclair Tower, the scene of her exploit, beneath which was inscribed:

NICENA AMAZON
IRRVENTIBVS TVRCIS OCCVRRIT
EREPTQVE VEXILLO
TRIUMPHVM MERVIT
MDXLIH

The Porta Païroliera having been in course of time demolished, the bust is now preserved at the Hôtel de Ville museum, where it appears with the following contemporary inscription within a cartouche:

1543
CATARINA
SEGVRA
DICTA DONNA
MAVFACCIA

Native poets and artists have sought to preserve to posterity the fame of Catarina, but nothing is known of the later years of her life. Luigi Andrioli has written a commemorative poem entitled "Segurana," and in "Il 15 di Agosto in Nizza," by Eugenio Emanuel, we read of her exploit. A statue in bronze by the Comte de Pierlaz was presented to Charles Albert, and is now in the royal palace at Turin; and a street in Nice has of late years been named Segurana. The glorious deeds of Jeanne Hachette, the "heroine of Beauvais," have been quite equalled if not exceeded by the Donna Maufaccia, and yet the prosperous Niçois have never thought of signalling, in some visible and tangible manner, how much their ancestors owed to the "Heroine of Nice."

LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.

THE details of the saddest calamity of the year, the loss of H.M. warship *Victoria*, have been made known to all through the proceedings of the court-martial. Mistakes and misunderstandings appear to have caused the calamity. One thing alone gives relief to the mind in contemplating an event that is unparalleled since the loss of the *Royal George* at Spithead at the end of last century. "The Court desires to record its opinion that the discipline and order maintained on board the *Victoria* to the last by every one was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned."

The concluding portion of the long defence of Captain Bourke, the senior surviving officer, when tried by a court-martial for the loss of the ship, according to the usages of the service, bring before us with graphic power the fact of the order and discipline by which all were influenced in the short but terrible time between the ramming of the *Victoria* and the capsizing and sinking of the boat.

"When the crushing blow," said Captain Bourke, "delivered by the *Camperdown* was felt, the impression which passed through every one's mind must have been one of serious apprehension. No one in the ship knowing what had happened could have failed to appreciate that the conditions were certainly serious. With this in view, I should like to lay before the Court a few remarks on what I submit was the discipline and self-control exhibited by all. There was absolutely no panic, no shouting, no rushing aimlessly about. The officers went quietly to their stations. Everything was prepared, and the men were all in their positions for hoisting out the boats, or performing any duty they may have been ordered to carry out. The men on the fore-castle worked with a will until the water was up to their waists, and it was only when ordered aft that they left their work to fall in on the upper deck with the remainder of the ship's company.

"In the case of the men working below, I was a witness of their coolness when the order was passed down for every one to go on deck. There was no haste or hurry to desert the flat. I can further testify to the men below in the engine-rooms. In the starboard one and all were in their stations. The engineer officer was there, the artificer and stokers also. I am sure that those in the port engine-room and the boiler-rooms were equally true to themselves, to the country they were serving, and to the trust reposed in them. In all the details of this terrible accident one fact especially stands out, and that is the heroic conduct of those who to the end remained below, stolidly, yet boldly, at their place of duty. All honour to them especially!

"The men fallen in on the upper deck showed the same spirit. When the men were turned about to face the ship's side, it must have passed through the minds of many that to look out for oneself would be the best thing to do. The men must have seen the others coming wet from forward,

which, in itself, might have increased their apprehensions. This order to turn about was given apparently about a minute before the end, and I can hear of not one single instance of any man rushing to the side. It only wanted two or three to start a panic, but I think it should be on record that not one was found who had not that control over himself which characterises true discipline and order. It has been shown in evidence that no one jumped from the ship until just as she gave the lurch which ended in her capsizing. I imagine there is not a single survivor who can give any clearer reason for his being saved than that he was more fortunate than his neighbours. There is one deeply sad circumstance connected with the accident, and that is the very large proportion of midshipmen who lost their lives. These young officers at the commencement of their career were thus cut off, but it would be to their undying honour that, young as they were, they also showed that spirit of trust and bravery, and, one and all, remained at their posts on deck to the end.

"There is no doubt that among those lost many individual acts of heroism and disregard of self must have been displayed, but I regret that I am only in a position to state one. This is the case of the Rev. Samuel Morris, chaplain of the *Victoria*, than whom no one in the ship was more beloved or respected. It is his words, 'Steady, men, steady,' when the end came which bring before one the appreciation of his coolness and valour, even at the moment of the ship capsizing. We only hear of him, careless of his own safety, exhorting the men to be cool and calm. In his daily life on board he mixed with the men, and knew all their thoughts and advised them in their troubles. A noble character like this inculcates by his example the discipline and obedience which were shown on board the *Victoria*.

"Among those saved equal acts of bravery and coolness were displayed. It has been my privilege to forward some names to the Commander-in-Chief for the part they took in saving life.

"I have now to conclude my statement by expressing my own deep grief and that of the survivors of her Majesty's ship *Victoria* for the terrible loss we have sustained in the death of the late Commander-in-Chief and so many of the officers and crew of our ship. It is a feeling deep and sincere, which must ever remain in the hearts of us all. For myself, I cannot pretend to describe the overwhelming loss which I have experienced in the death of my chief and my kindest friend. He was always ready to help and advise. There was never any one in trouble whose cause he would not identify himself with. It is not necessary for me to praise him as an officer; every one who knew him, aye, and many others, acknowledged his worth. It adds doubly to my sorrow when I know that the service has lost one of its best and most capable leaders."

Varieties.

The late Sir George Tryon.—A singular interest belongs to the following memorandum issued by Sir G. Tryon at the beginning of the year which witnessed the disastrous loss of the *Victoria*.

"It may frequently happen that an order may be given to an officer which, from circumstances not known to the person who gave it at the time he issued it, it would be impossible to execute, or the difficulties or risks of the execution of it would be so great as to amount to a moral impossibility." (Duke of Wellington's despatch, November 11, 1803.) While an order should be implicitly obeyed, still circumstances may change and conditions may widely vary from those known, or even from those that presented themselves, at the time the orders were issued. In such cases the officer receiving orders, guided by the objects that he knows his chief has in view, must act on his own responsibility. When the literal obedience to any order, however given, would entail a collision with a friend, or endanger a ship by running on shore or in any other way, paramount orders direct that the danger is to be avoided, while the object of the order should be attained if possible. Risks that are not only justifiable, but which ought to be incurred during war, are not justifiable in peace.

"G. TRYON, Vice-Admiral, &c."

The Queen's Letter to the Nation.—The letter written by the Queen on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York and the Princess May, must not be omitted in the record of the year.

"Windsor Castle, July 10, 1893.

"The Queen wishes once again to express to her people how much gratified and touched she has been by the great loyalty and devotion to herself and her family which have been so strikingly evinced on the occasion of the marriage of her beloved grandson, the Duke of York, and his dear bride, the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.

"It is, indeed, nothing new to the Queen, for in weal or woe she has ever met with the warmest, kindest sympathy, which she feels very deeply. She knows that the people of her vast Empire are aware how truly her heart beats for them in all their joys and sorrows; and that in the existence of this tie between them and herself lies the real strength of the Empire.

With them the Queen joins in fervent prayer and wishes for the welfare and happiness of her dear grandchildren.

"(Signed) VICTORIA R.I."

The Address is written and signed by the Queen's own hand.

Early Summer of 1893.—No fact more striking about the extraordinary season of this year has been recorded than the statement of one of the managers of a great fruit company in Covent Garden, that the first consignment of strawberries grown in the open, arrived from Saltash, Cornwall, on May 2. The first consignment last year did not arrive till June 4, and in former years the earliest dates have been June 10 or 12. The present year was the earliest on record.

West African Telephone.—The "Elliebie" is a perfect talking machine in daily use at the Cameroons, West Africa. Every stroke conveys a message, or carries signals as far as its sound can reach, and this is an immense distance.

When I was at the Cameroons some years ago my attention was drawn to this machine, hearing it at work at different points. I made inquiry of the natives what was the meaning of it, and was told that "one man speak to another man a long way off." I decided to put it to the

test, and went to one of the chiefs and asked him if Mussio, one of the natives that I wanted, were about; the chief said, "No, but I will call him." He went to his "Elliebie," gave a few strokes, and went into his house. In a few minutes Mussio was at my side. I said, "Where did you come from?" He said, "I came from the beach, sir." I said, "And why did you come here?" He said, "The 'Elliebie' call me." I said, "And what did it say?" He said, "It said, Mussio you are wanted here to settle a small palaver." *Palaver* is the word in general use for talking or conversation on any subject.

About this time there was a war between two chiefs in the district. The "Elliebies" were rattling away at a terrible rate on both sides. I wanted to go over to see if I could settle the difference, but the people said I had better not go, as the thing had gone too far; so I stood among a group of natives about a mile and a half from the seat of



war. Every now and again the natives near me were shouting, "Ha, ha, ha, do you hear him?" I said, "What are they saying?" They interpreted to me what the "Elliebies" were saying. One chief was saying to another chief, not involved in the quarrel, that he was supplying the other chief with gunpowder, and as he agreed to be neutral it was not fair. I said, "And what does he say to that?" He replies by saying, "You would not settle the matter quietly as I asked you to do, so now you must fight it out." "Ha, ha, ha, do you hear him?" went on again. There must be an established code (and key), according to the number or the force of the strokes of "the drummer."

It has often been said that the black man had no inventive genius. Here is a proof that he has inventive genius to a wonderful degree. Indeed, so far as a talking-machine is concerned, it would not shame Edison.—*Alec Innes, Birkenhead.*

The late Lord Derby.—Sir John Lubbock, M.P. for London University, expressed tersely the sorrow and regret felt by all at the loss of Lord Derby. On "Presentation Day," the great gathering of the year, Sir John thus spoke: "Those especially who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship had to mourn an irreparable loss. Lord Derby never spoke on any subject which he had not carefully studied. His speeches

were not only characterised by fairness and moderation, and full of sagacious counsel, but contained many striking passages and noble thoughts; as when he reminded them that 'The greatest of British interests are the interests of peace,' or that 'Service rendered to the meanest of mankind is rendered to the Author of our common being.' In fact, so far from being, as some who did not know him had supposed, less sympathetic than some other great statesmen, on the contrary, the social questions which affected the comfort, health, and happiness of the people interested him far more than the questions of mere political machinery in which caucuses delighted. Few men had used immense wealth with more wisdom and generosity, or had occupied a great position and high offices with more advantage to the country and a deeper sense of responsibility. Indeed, his moving influence throughout his public life was duty and not ambition. Even as a young man he refused a crown, and preferred work in his own country and among his own people to the Throne of Greece. His death was a national misfortune, and in this great crisis of our history we should grievously miss his cool judgment and wise counsel."

Co-operative Excursions.—A new form of tourist travel has been lately organised. The committee of the London Polytechnic in Regent Street advertised for July a yachting cruise to the North Cape, and the "lands of the midnight sun," with visits to Norwegian Fjords, and other Scandinavian travel. A trip, extending over three weeks, and covering thousands of miles, at a maximum price of twelve guineas, brings the luxury of travel within the reach of many with very limited means. The number of ordinary Norwegian excursions is increasing. One advertisement announces a tour in the largest steam-yacht afloat—in fact, a great American liner hired for the occasion. The Polytechnic boats allow no gambling, and no intoxicating liquor.

Wordsworth's Rooms at Cambridge.—The "Academy" says: "Some contemplated sanitary improvements in connection with the kitchens of St. John's College, Cambridge, will probably necessitate the demolition of the rooms occupied by Wordsworth during his life as an undergraduate of the college, 1787-91. These are the rooms of which he wrote in a famous passage of the 'Prelude':—

'from my pillow looking forth by light
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.'

For some years past these rooms have been used as store-rooms; but the structural arrangements remain apparently as in Wordsworth's time, and quite correspond to the description given by Miss Fenwick, who was with Wordsworth when he revisited the place in 1839: 'One of the meanest and most dismal apartments it must be in the whole University; but "here (he said in showing it) I was as joyous as a lark." There was a dark closet taken off it for his bed. The present occupant had pushed his bed into the darkest corner; but he (Wordsworth) showed us how he drew his bed to the door that he might see the top of the window in Trinity College Chapel, under which stands that glorious statue of Sir Isaac Newton.' ('Correspondence of Henry Taylor (1888).')

Stamp Albums.—For beginners in the collection of postage stamps the most useful help is the small album issued by William Lincoln, of 239 High Holborn, London. The cost is only one shilling. For more advanced collectors the "Lincoln Stamp Album," for foreign, British, and colonial postage stamps, we have found the most complete and satisfactory guide and help. The latest edition, the ninth, contains various improvements, and is altogether a most valuable and handsome volume. Room is provided for above 5,000 stamps, with larger spaces for stamps of greater size issued by some Governments, both European and Oriental. The countries are arranged in geographical order, with accompanying maps, sixteen in number, coloured, and excellently engraved. This part of the book consists of about 230 pages, followed by an alphabetically arranged catalogue of

the stamps of all countries, with detailed descriptions, and the present prices of stamps, new, unused, and used.

The value of some stamps is of surprising amount. For example, a Barbadoes black stamp, originally worth one penny, is valued at fifty shillings; a Peruvian of fifty cents, red or green, issued at Lima in 1881, is worth fifty shillings new, and thirty for used specimens. Some of our British stamps have surprising value. A black penny stamp, with v.r. in upper corner, and small crown watermark, is worth £7, issued in 1860. A twopenny blue stamp of 1854 is worth thirty shillings, and one penny of same year, if unused, twenty. A twopenny blue stamp of 1840 is valued at sixty shillings if new, but only one shilling if used. The same price is given for a shilling green stamp of 1847 if used, but for an unused specimen thirty shillings is the price in the Catalogue. "A twopenny blue stamp of 1856 has value of £8, if new, and 2s. 6d. if used. A Spanish Isabella II stamp of two reales is valued at £15 new, and £7 used. On every page will be found curious information, with details, historical as well as artistic, as in the case of the Mulready envelopes, and their imitations and caricatures, some of which by Richard Doyle are worth a guinea each.

Besides Lincoln's stamp books there are others of much value, advertisements of which often appear on the wrappers of the "Boy's Own Paper," but we have here referred to the books familiar to us in our own use.

Hold the Fort.—The death of a veteran Federal General of the American war, recalls the origin of the once popular air in Moody and Sankey's hymns. When Sherman, then commander-in-chief of the Northern army, was surrounded by an overwhelming force of Confederates, and all seemed hopeless, General Corse managed to send the following telegram: "Hold the fort, I am coming." The reinforcements brought by Corse broke the investing lines and turned the tide of battle. The incident struck the popular feeling, and when the melody "Hold the fort" was produced, with its spirited accompaniment, the air became popular in every land. We have heard it played as a regimental march by our own Volunteers. The application to the resistance of attacks by spiritual foes in the great "battle of life" was obvious. It would be a pity if the popular melody ever fell into disuse, but "new things" are ever sought. "Good old things" will not, however, perish.

An Image of St. Joseph.—A curious case lately occurred at one of the London police-courts. An aged Irish couple had managed to save about £30, which they hoped would help to keep them when no longer able to work. The wife died, and it was then found that she had given the whole £30 to a Romish institution for the purchase of an image of St. Joseph (in wax we suppose), to help to pass her soul through purgatory. The husband complained bitterly of this, as he said that he had by his work earned much of the £30 thus alienated, and he was left when above eighty years of age in absolute poverty. The case became known to the police missionary attending the court, and he went to the Catholic priest who had advised the dying woman's gift of the £30 for the image. The Father Grab (as we call him), whether from fear of exposure, or touched with pity by the representations of the police missionary, refunded £5, which he sent by him to the aggrieved widower. It was a curious example in humble life of the method by which the Church of Rome contrives to get hold of money, under various pretexts, and for sundry uses.

Himalayan Peaks.—At a summer meeting of the Alpine Club, the President, Mr. Freshfield, in the chair, Mr. Conway read a paper on his expeditions in the Himalayas, the substance of which had been previously communicated to the readers of the "Leisure Hour" by Mr. Edward Whymper, from the reports sent home to the Royal Geographical Society. On the disputed question of the extreme heights at which respiration is difficult and exertion impossible, Mr. Conway gave some noteworthy facts. "They attempted to ascend the Golden Throne, a mountain of about 24,000 feet. They were on the mountain for eight days from the time they left the highest camp to which coolies could be taken. Thenceforward they and the Gorkhas had to do all the carrying. They slept on the snow at heights of 18,200 feet,

18,900 feet, and twice at 20,160 feet. From their highest camp they climbed by a snow and rock ridge which seemed to lead to the summit of the Golden Throne. They passed over the summits of peaks 20,700 feet and 21,220 feet in height, and finally reached the top of a peak 22,500 feet high. Here the ridge ceased, and there was a deep gap separating them from the Golden Throne. They called the point they had ascended Pioneer Peak; it is the highest authentically measured and fixed point that has been climbed to by man. They all experienced exhaustion as long as they were in motion, but the sensation disappeared when they sat down. He did not find that they became habituated to altitudes above 18,000 feet. They experienced discomfort down to a lower level in descending than where they had begun to experience it in ascending. He believed that a peak of 25,000 feet might possibly be ascended. Several of the high peaks were undoubtedly over-measured; K2 was amongst the number. From a mountaineer's point of view no part of the Himalayan range could be considered explored. There was no physical mass of the region that displayed the nature of the glacier systems. Increased ease of communication was bringing the Asiatic ranges nearer to European climbers, but the exploration of them would never be properly accomplished till it was undertaken by Anglo-Indians themselves."

Over 90° in the Shade.—During the hot weeks of the early summer of 1893 the temperature in London was spoken of loosely as "unprecedented." This led Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., the distinguished meteorologist, to give in the "Times" the result of his own personal observations at No. 62 Camden Square, N.W. He says: "My record with standard instruments, verified and properly mounted, goes back to 1858, and perhaps it is not unreasonably egotistical to mention that the temperature of 92°·6° on June 16 of that year was the subject of the first letter you did me the honour of printing. Things have changed since then, but the first essential of meteorological work is continuity; and this, up to the present, I have been able to insure. The result is striking, but it accords perfectly with my own feelings and with the opinion I have expressed as to the drought. It will be seen that in the first eighteen years there were seventeen days with *maxima* of 90° or upwards, while in the second eighteen years there have been only eight such days—or less than half as many."

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURES OF 90° OR UPWARDS IN SHADE, AT CAMDEN SQUARE, LONDON.

	Deg.		Deg.
1858. June 16 . . .	92°·6	1872. July 25 . . .	92°·3
1859. July 12 . . .	91°·9	1873. July 22 . . .	90°·1
1859. July 13 . . .	90°·1	1874. July 9 . . .	90°·4
1859. July 18 . . .	92°·4	1874. July 20 . . .	90°·8
1868. July 16 . . .	91°·0	1876. July 15 . . .	92°·6
1868. July 21 . . .	93°·3	1876. Aug. 13 . . .	92°·3
1868. July 22 . . .	93°·2	1876. Aug. 14 . . .	92°·1
1868. July 27 . . .	90°·4	1881. July 5 . . .	92°·7
1868. Sept. 7 . . .	91°·0	1881. July 15 . . .	94°·6
1869. July 22 . . .	91°·0	1884. Aug. 11 . . .	92°·0
1870. June 22 . . .	91°·2	1885. July 26 . . .	90°·4
1870. July 22 . . .	90°·8	1893. June 19 . . .	90°·4
1871. Aug. 13 . . .	90°·0		

Imagination to be Cultivated.—Mr. Goschen, who is usually supposed to be a matter-of-fact and prosaic financier, made a surprising appeal for giving to young people books which would exercise their imagination. In his address at the Liverpool Institute, he said, "What I want for the young are books and stories which do not simply deal with our daily life. I prefer 'Alice in Wonderland,' as a book for children, to those little stories of 'Tommies' and 'Freddies,' which are but little photographs of the lives of 'Tommies' and 'Freddies' who read the books. I like Grimm's 'Fairy Tales' better than little nursery novelettes. I like the fancy even of little children to have some more stimulating food than images of their own little lives; and I confess I am sorry for the children whose imaginations are not sometimes brightened by beautiful fairy tales, or by other tales which carry them to different worlds from those in which their future will be passed. Doubtless boys and girls like photographs of the sayings and doings of other boys and girls—school life sketched with realistic fidelity—and doubtless many young people like love-stories similar to those through which they may have to pass themselves. But there

is little imagination in all this. The facts are fictitious, but the life is real. Do not misunderstand me. It is not that I wish to combine instruction with amusement in what is often a hopeless alliance. I do not wish to stint young people of amusing books. But I will tell you what I do like for boys and girls. I like to see boys and girls amuse themselves with tales of adventure, with stories of gallant deeds and noble men, with stories of the seas, of mountains, of wars, with descriptions of scenes different from those in which they live."

The Garden Party at Marlborough House.—On the day before the marriage of the Duke of York and the Princess May, about 2,000 guests were invited to meet them and Her Majesty Queen Victoria at a garden party at Marlborough House. The list of Royal personages was numerous, and reads like pages of the "Almanach de Gotha." It is a curiosity which many will like to preserve, as recorded in the "Morning Post" or other newspapers. Besides the Royal personages, the chief notables in Church and State, or in the various circles of the political and social world, or men eminent in art, literature, and science, were to be seen; nor was the gathering in St. James's Chapel on the following day to witness the wedding less remarkable. But of all the sights, the most striking were the crowds that everywhere filled the streets, greater even than on the memorable day of the Queen's Jubilee in 1887.

Daguerreotypes.—Several correspondents announce the possession of specimens of the daguerreotypes, nearly fifty years old, and in perfect preservation, but we have not heard of one earlier than that referred to, as sent to the Chicago Exhibition by Professor Draper of New York. Its date was 1840, as described in the "Leisure Hour" Varieties for July.

The Arequipa Observatory and the Satellites of Jupiter. An observatory has recently been established in a situation still better adapted than that of the Lick for delicate scrutiny of celestial objects. Professor Pickering, of Harvard College, having had funds provided in 1891 for a dependent observatory in an ideal site, found this at Arequipa in Peru, on the slope of the Andes, about 8,000 feet above the sea-level. Here his brother, Mr. W. H. Pickering (now, like Professor Barnard, on a visit to Europe), has been using a thirteen-inch Clark equatorial with excellent effect, bidding fair to result in some remarkable discoveries. He believes himself to have obtained evidence of small changes on the moon's surface, though the observations require confirmation with a larger instrument. But the most startling thing he has brought before the astronomical world is a series of observations of the four Galilean satellites of Jupiter, which seem to indicate that those bodies are of very small density, and subject to changes of appearances so remarkable as to lead to a strong suspicion that they severally consist of multitudes of small particles, like Saturn's rings, which he thinks they may have formerly resembled in continuous diffusion, but have since coalesced sufficiently to present at a distance the appearance of solid bodies about the size of our moon, or a little larger, which those four satellites have hitherto been always thought to have been. The new view suggested at Arequipa cannot be accepted without further examination; but great additional interest is thus imparted to the study of the Jovian system, which will require the persevering use of the best instruments in the most advantageous positions.

W. T. LYNN.

Agricultural Losses in 1893.—Sir Richard Paget, M.P., in his charge to the grand jury at the Somerset Quarter Sessions, pointed out that "something like 250,000 acres of land in Somerset were given up to hay, and he did not think it would be too much to say that the loss in the present year would be something like 250,000 tons of hay in the county of Somerset. And that came upon them at a moment when, owing to the short crop of last year, which was considerably below the average, the stock was exhausted. There would thus be no reserve to fall back upon. It was a matter of extreme difficulty to know how the cattle in this county were to be kept from absolute starvation during the coming winter." These figures are very startling, showing

as they do that in one county alone—if we allow £4 a ton as a fair value for hay—the farmers of Somerset have lost £1,000,000 sterling by the failure of the hay crop. That is not all, for they have to pay up to £8 a ton for a substituted food if their cattle and sheep are to be kept alive.

We heard much of late years of the excellency of Silo pits, and of preserved food. Have the Somerset farmers done nothing to prepare for the drought of this year? If the old routine of English farming is still kept up without efforts to adopt new methods, losses are inevitable everywhere.

Miniature Boat.—Lieutenant H. R. Sayce, of Bristol, succeeded in crossing the English Channel this summer in a miniature boat, which he has patented as the Midge pneumatic collapsible lifeboat, and is designed for fishing, shooting, or sailing. The weight is under 35 lb., and the length is 8½ ft., with 32 in. beam. The boat is decked with canvas, with an opening for the owner's body, and she is fitted with inflated air tubing. The boat is fitted with a foresail about the size of a woman's apron, and a still smaller mizen. Mr. Sayce set out at 3 A.M., and was accompanied by a small sailing lugger. There was a light wind from NNE., and a course was steered straight for Cape Grisnez. Mr. Sayce was provided with a double paddle, which he kept in constant use. The little craft entered Boulogne Harbour at 5 P.M. Mr. Sayce was somewhat benumbed by sitting so long in one posture. The lugger returned to Dover with the little boat folded up on board. The boatmen remarked that she had skimmed over the waves "like a duck," and had shipped not a drop of water.

For short voyages, either for pleasure or sport, this collapsible boat may be pleasant and useful, if used on safe inland waters; or for sea excursions, if attended by a sailing lugger. But this is not to be compared with the adventurous transatlantic voyages in small boats, which have often been recorded in recent years, the brothers Andrews of Boston leading the way. The log of the little *Nautilus* was printed in the first volume of the "Boy's Own Paper."

A Fit of the Gout.—Our contemporary the "Leisure Hour" has an article in the July part on the above subject. Unlike the remarks of many lay journals which from time to time assume the serpent rod of Æsculapius and descend upon matters medical, those of the "Leisure Hour" on this subject are simple, useful, and to the point.—*The Lancet*.

The Jubilees of George III and of Queen Victoria.—Mr. W. M. Adams, of Sydenham, a son of the private secretary of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, saw the blind old King on the slopes at Windsor Castle on the day of the jubilee, and remembers the circumstances. Mr. Adams received a ticket through the Lord Chamberlain's courtesy, and was present at the solemnisation of Queen Victoria's jubilee in Westminster Abbey. The Rev. J. Wilder of Eton also witnessed the two jubilees. We should like to see authenticated reports of other cases.

French Prosperity.—The United States Consul in Bordeaux makes, in a recent report, some interesting observations on the growth of French prosperity during the past twenty years. Since the fall of the Second Empire, for example, the production of coal in France has increased 90 per cent., and its consumption by 71 per cent. The tonnage of the goods transported by railway has increased 87 per cent., the number of travellers by rail has doubled, postal business has augmented by 140 per cent., the cash reserve in the Bank of France has doubled, between 1869 and 1891 the funds in the French savings banks increased fourfold, people throughout the country are in easier circumstances, and "if the burden now laid upon the taxpayer is heavier than formerly, he has, to say the least, greater resources at his disposal. Under no régime has wealth in France developed with such rapid strides as under the present system of government."

The "Arethusa" and "Chichester" Training Ships.—The report of this year's work is as favourable as in past times. A large party went by special steamer to Greenhithe, in order to visit the *Arethusa* and *Chichester* training ships, which are under the management of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. The visitors were received by Major W. M. Mackenzie, the chairman of the

Ship Committee, and the boys, falling in by companies, were inspected. Since the beginning of the present year sixty-seven boys had entered merchant ships. Twelve had joined the Royal Navy, eight had gone into Army bands, and eight into the Marines. The lads, who presented a very smart appearance, performed some physical and musical drill in excellent fashion, and were then presented with prizes for the year's work by Mrs. Mead. The awards were for exemplary conduct while on board ship, for willing work, for giving the best account of a sermon, and other merits. The tidiest boy in each company received a prize. A silver watch was presented to the most popular boy in the ship on the vote of the lads themselves.

Patent Safety Sea-Pillow.—A most complete and convenient appliance for safety at sea is patented by Mr. D. Taylor of Liverpool, in the shape of an ordinary pillow, so arranged as to be readily fixed, on the principle of a life-belt. The chambers consist of air chambers, kept inflated, covered with any common material. The pillow can be fastened across the chest in a few seconds by straps over the shoulders and round the waist. The size is about 24 inches in



SAFETY PILLOW.

length, 12 in breadth, and 6 or 7 inches in depth. The whole weight is 3½ to 4 lbs. The buoyancy is sufficient to support two persons. Nearly a thousand of these pillows have been supplied to ocean steamers or sailing yachts, the great Cunarders, the *Campania* and the *Lucania*, being amongst the latest supplied with what are comfortable rests on berths, and affording most convenient floating belts in case of accident. The cost of the best quality is 25s. 6d.

Richborough Castle.—The Castrum, of six or seven acres, with the ruins of Richborough Castle, the ancient Rutupia, are acquired as a national memorial. For centuries Rutupia was the station of a Roman force, and was the chief port in Britain for communication with Gaul. It retained its importance in ecclesiastical times, after the retirement of the Romans, King Ethelbert having there met the Roman priests who came with St. Augustine.

The Growth of the Bodleian.—From the last annual report of the Bodleian it appears that during the past year the library acquired 55,525 "printed and manuscript items." Five colleges have deposited their manuscripts in the Bodleian—Lincoln, Jesus, Brasenose, University, and Hertford.

Astronomical Almanach for October.

1	S	18 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	16	M	☉ rises 6.28 A.M.
		(Camb. Mich. Term bgs.	17	T	☾ 1 Quarter 11.20 P.M.
2	M	☾ 3 Quarter 3.19 P.M.	18	W	☉ sets 4.59 P.M.
3	T	☉ rises 6.6 A.M.	19	T	Daybreak 4.39 A.M.
4	W	☉ sets 5.30 P.M.	20	F	Twilight ends 6.48 P.M.
5	T	Venus sets 6.37 P.M.	21	S	Cygnus S. 6.37 P.M.
6	F	Clock after ☉ 11m. 58s.	22	S	21 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
7	S	Jupiter rises 7.0 P.M.	23	M	Fomalhaut S. 8.42 P.M.
8	S	19 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	24	T	Mich. Law Sitt. begin
9	M	New ☾ 8.27 P.M.	25	W	Full ☾ 7.28 A.M.
10	T	Oxf. Mich. Term begins	26	T	Clock after ☉ 15m. 59s.
11	W	Aquila S. 6.23 P.M.	27	F	☾ least distance from ☉
12	T	Jupiter an evening star	28	S	Venus sets 6.21 P.M.
13	F	Capricornus S. 6.42 P.M.	29	S	22 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
14	S	☉ greatest dist. from ☽	30	M	☉ rises 6.53 A.M.
		(Fire Insurance expires	31	T	☾ 3 Quarter 10.42 P.M.
15	S	20 SUN. AFTER TRINITY			☉ sets 4.33 P.M.

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